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No. 5.

A RETURN TO THE HOMESTEAD.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I HAD been wandering for years. Business at last gave me occasion to visit my native village, two miles to the north of which lay the old homestead. The village had so changed since my last visit, that I seemed a stranger in its streets, and was obliged to *ask* of strangers the way to the Oak Valley. The former road had been fenced into fields, and a new highway laid, with branches diverging into the country.

For several years no tidings had reached me from home, and accordingly I knew nothing of the state of things there. Friends might have departed, the mansion itself left untenanted, or occupied by strangers. I met several faces on the way, that recalled something familiar, but I recognized no particular individual in any of the once play-mates of my youth. They seemed to have outgrown the poetry and innocence of that early time, which beams with ever-hallowed radiance in the morning of life. I involuntarily shunned the gaze of all I met.

The woods had been cleared away in some places, and showed new features in the landscape. One keenly misses the woods and particular trees once there, which seemed familiar as household members. I became more reconciled as the features of the more immediate neighborhood rose to view. In tracing the various shapes and windings of the scenery, it afforded a pleasure to know that each hill and dell and little curve had so well preserved its early integrity.

It was the latter part of February, and little snow remained on the ground. In passing the family burying-ground—that teller of sad secrets—there arose no new mound. Inside the fence, the snow had all disappeared, and the grass was starting up. There were visible no foot-prints leading to the place

‘Where friends with tears were laid away.’

A thought came to me: I guessed, alas, too truly! the cause of this desertion. It was mine to mark the first approach to the little inclosure, and clear again rose the pageantry of the last funeral, that of my father, which took place just before my departure from home. How absorbing to all appears then the subject of the occasion! — the same hallowed remains that now rest beneath the sod, unnoticed save by the care of inexorable Nature! Let a member, however humble, be borne from the home-hearth to the Silent Land — a mate of one's youth, who partook of the same joy and suffering, and shared perhaps the same sandwich with us at school, a brother, a dear sister — let such an one be taken from our companionship, the world is heartless: it will soon forget, and friends anon miss less the lost: but the absent one, the wanderer, is ever true to the tendrils that link him to his childhood's home.

When the old mansion rose to view, it stood sadly naked. The tall poplars that shaded it from the road were missing: the red paint had left the knotty clap-boards, and given it a 'wood-colored' appearance. But who were its inmates? There was no one visible; no live creature to be seen about the premises. I walked on slowly, until I arrived at the small bridge, nearly opposite the house, when Watch, the old house-dog, made his appearance, walking through the yard. This started me, for I saw before me the play-mate and companion of my youth. He seemed to be guided by instinct, or urged on by some hidden link of old affection, rather than by sight. At first he approached slowly, as if undecided. When within a few yards, he began to swing his tail heavily and awkwardly, which convinced me that it moved but seldom now, save to follow silently its owner. His hide, once a smooth jet, now stood out, bristled and faded, and gray at the head, and scarred all over, which gave him a surly appearance. He seemed almost ludicrously forlorn and chap-fallen. I spoke to him: he waddled up to me and held his paws clumsy and more spread than usual against my leg, (an old trick,) though now no higher than my knee. I took his paw, as usual, and patted him. He appeared wonderfully affected, and showed his affection awkwardly. Erecting his bristles, and half-choking, half-growling, he attempted his salutation; but it was a sad affair. He had evidently lost the former grace and dignity of his doghood, and seemed, as if by habit, cross and ungainly.

The entrance to the house was on the opposite side. I raised the swing-gate and crossed over the green to the postern that opened on the foot-pavement leading to the door. The out-buildings, the garden, and the rear view of the dwelling-house were recognized; but all was silent as the grave. I rapped. A young girl opened the door and invited me to walk in. I did so, but knew not her face. To the left was a young woman, who glanced at me with a dull, timid countenance, while in front, and opposite the stove, sat a middle-aged lady, busily engaged in knitting, spectacled, and wearing a broad-frilled white cap, who respectfully asked me to be seated. I obeyed involuntarily, and quickly completed my survey. It was sufficient. I inquired whither the — family had moved. The matron did not seem to understand me. At last the young lady whispered something to her about the name, upon which the elder addressed me: 'You have refer-

ence to the former occupants of the place?' Perhaps my question was not distinctly put. I nodded in reply. She knew not, as well as the rest, where to direct me, and inquired if I was acquainted with the family of that name. I answered in the affirmative. Availing myself of the custom of the country, I craved a short hospitality, which was granted.

As the sun, shining with spring-like beam, was lessening the afternoon, I left the house for the barn, followed close at my heels by the dog. I of course recognized none of the 'live stock.' The well was there, the curb and rail missing, and a green-colored pump stood in their place. The building, however, was still the long-pointed, low-squatting barn of my childhood, with hens cackling in the loft, and haylocks hanging from its shed, where hidden nests still invited a search for eggs under the low roof, full of nail-points, whose memory yet gives a twitch to the sensitive scalp.

The new snow, which had fallen during the night, was thawing on the roof, one part of which, at the end of the shed, was already dry and wavy with heat. At the other end the drops were hurrying down the eaves with the rush of a summer shower. As I walked up the barnyard, over the trodden straw, the sheep (no black ones among them now) sheered off, all attention to the dog, who kept close to my heels. An old sheep now and then, more bold than the rest, would approach, stamping at him. Threats not succeeding, a large wether made a pass at him, and thumped him until he rolled. A few hoarse, feeble yelps, and a hasty effort to recover, were the first movements of the dog, who now, with lowered crest and tail, and complainingly, tried to hide away. In attempting to get a place, he ran his head against the shed, and then turning, blundered right upon the sheep. For the first time, I now discovered that he was blind, or nearly so. I called to him, and spoke kindly, but could not well remove the impression that it was *I* who had repulsed him.

Within, the barn retained its ancient look, though a lock hanging at the granary-door was something I had never before seen there. It used to be fastened by a 'button.' Climbing up the post-ladder, I mounted the mow. It was occupied by a bulk of hay, one end of which reached almost to the corner of the roof. We never had hay in the loft, but yearly had it filled to the upper 'swallow-holes' with wheat. The jays used to come here in winter; and here I used to snare them, my grandfather instructing me.

Old barn! thou art, of course, common and uncouth to the stranger; but to him whose first play-spot thou wert, thou art a dear remembrance! Thou art haunted. The early foot-fall lingers yet; the daring jump, the wrestling on the seedy floor, and the serious head-thump! Familiar images start from thy nooks and hiding-places, and cling to thy very weather-beaten boards!

Every old barn, old house-dog, old homestead, is the subject of the keenest associations to many a poor wanderer, who, in his dejected moments, turns to the early spot that gave him existence — his childhood's home. Earth has not a holier; and the humbler the objects, the more closely seem to strain the old hallowed ties. They never

refuse to cling there. The heart is never totally depraved. Holy affections hide in its deepest depths, of which the giddy brain professes no cognizance to the world. Destroy these emotions you *cannot*. You may bury them awhile, or perhaps for ever, but you must keep away from the old-frequented places!

I have climbed to the top of the hay-bulk, so high that I can reach the pegs of the rafters. Here is the home of the swallow. Each peg has its nest, a white feather now and then showing beyond the mud-built edge. Here and there a nest is clinging to the naked rafters, a few feet farther down, while near the top of the south gable-end, against the boards, clings a meek nest of sticks, which in summer is surrounded by young, black 'chimney-sweeps.' The nests are the same that many years ago, daring to climb the studs, I reached with my hands, and instead of finding eggs or young swallows, felt downy feathers, fearing to handle them roughly, lest they might break away — myself being warned not to look from the giddy height. I shall never climb those studs again. Their tenons are so mouse-gnawed that, shaken by the wind, the old frame rattles like a loosely-sutured skull when tumbled by the passer-by. It will soon fall: yet it always seemed old, with boards clapping in the wind, and doors awry. It yet stands; and though no longer possessed by the original owner, the same spry swallows still find here a home in summer: *they* dream not of decay.

Several days have passed: I am again in the loft. My attachment to this old building crazes me: I am a boy again, with boyish feelings and inclinations, and am tempted to climb the studs and put my head through the swallow-hole. What a fine view spreads out before me from this eminence, as high and pokerish still as in the former mowing times, when the heat, almost suffocating us, we looked from the cooler air-holes upon the great world. The snow has disappeared, and the outlines of the country can here be distinctly traced:

‘AFAR,
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lie visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seem new to me.’

It is a grand place to look from, the upper vents. Some how they seem larger than formerly. They were originally sawed out in imitation of the barn itself — miniature barns, with square foundations. But they are edged no longer. The swallow-feet and the storm-whisk have worn the sharp edges convex. But it tires me to cling to the boards. The hay-bulk, since my last visit, has considerably lowered, giving me an altitude of some fifteen feet. It seems a great distance from here, but it must be measured with a leap. Not so fast, my man-boy! I knew you would waver. It is an airy place. It begins to seem swim-mingly. Still hesitating. Has the man less courage now than the boy used to have? But he is a boy again. S-w-e-e-p! How solid the hay! The string-beam is yet firm. Who can describe the sinking sensation? 'Twas a famous leap. I will repeat it again — and again; now pitch, roll, and tumble upon the hay, fragrant yet with harvest smells.

Again on the threshing-floor.

A little girl, her brother, a neighboring urchin, and a tight-jacketed, clean-dressed lad, a little visiting cousin, are here, watching with staring interest my doings. They were busy at 'hide-and-seek' when the 'stranger' entered, and forks, rakes, and barrels are scattered over the floor in the utmost confusion. There is a shelf above the granary-door; the same shelf yet, with dust an inch thick upon it. A fine place it used to be to hide play-things away! Let me scrape the dust off. Something has dropped upon the floor. I pick it up. The urchins look thereat, but know not what it is. The well-dressed lad comes up with, 'That's a tennis-ball.'

No, Sirs! — this ball is not meant to riot with now. It bears two rude initials. Ah! how rude! Ye glance at the uncouth letters, ye unsophisticated little gentlemen! but ye know not aught of the magic they contain. They are to you the characters of the ancient times; not the Greek, but the uninterpreted hieroglyphics of hoar antiquity. The barn will be but a remembrance to you — not a feeling. After all, we shall be brothers in sympathy, bound by these old walls.

It is a day in March; sunshiny, very pleasant, with flocks bleating on the hills and birds singing in the distant woods — woods once tender with spring airs and dotted with white and striped flowers, in the days of youthful botanizing: days to return no more! Hence comes another rush of old feelings from the woods and miry meadows, with days steeped in the sweets of flowering things.

The liver-leaf must now be opening its rath young petals. There are always so many hepaticas scattered in knots throughout the entire wood! The season advancing, carries them, a flock of wood-maidens as they are, onward, farther and farther north, and up the cold mountains, where tremblingly they lay their pale, pink cheeks close to the paler ice-ridges. They have life, and plastic Nature moulds it into beauty. I love to talk with them, and receive sweet answers from their up-turned faces. Nature, who blesses them with beautiful textures, endows us also with appreciation. She plants the flowers about us, and blends their gentle natures with the roughness of our humanity, so that, almost ere aware, we become happier and better. Without flowers, man would be ruder. Sweet affection lives in the snow-hut of the Greenlanders: the mosses bloom there: the Arctic flower is an earth-ray to his long benighted nature, as he meets it on the barren soil.

Another day has passed, and another, and comes the last to be spent at the homestead — the last for ever! — and this by the permission of strangers. So runneth the world, and man's life with it. Stern manhood alone will be before me, boyhood behind. These are the doings of Time, imperturbable Time, and man bows with it, the dust at last the only remaining contrast to his inanity.

A swallow! — the *first* of the season; an ancient hirundine, returning to the old sun-embrowned home. Its wing is weary with flight, but its instinct has been true as the magnet to the pole: it never yet failed in its annual return. Not knowing the age attained by these little domesticities, I shall please myself to deem this a contemporary of my youth, one of the multitude of skimmers of the meads, and twilight glades by forest-

edges ; companions of the plough-boy in the field, almost touching with their wings his jacket-stripe. What feelings possess now its breast, as, after a whole winter's absence, it approaches the old swallow-home ? It yet points to heaven for thee, sweet bird ! a safe-guard from the storm, an eyrie free from rude boys' spoil. As it nears the barn, its movement becomes uncertain, now to the right, now to the left, slower and slower, as if undecided.

It will pass the barn — no, it stoops : the entrance-hole is passed, the old home roofs it o'er again, and it is circling from gable to gable — its shiny, black eyes scrutinizing the surrounding inside. Weary though it be, it continues, hither and thither : at length its movement is slower ; and every time it passes a certain nest, it almost stops, yet passing on, it hovers about it, and finally, with still spread wings, curves to the spot, resting its foot on the tip of the peg that holds the nest. Its first motion is a squint with half-turned head into the nest. Its mate has just entered, and as it approaches the white-breasted sitter, the latter up-points its bill, and utters a sweet twitter, faint, but affectionate, answered in the same affectionate strain by the male-bird, that lights by its side, crowding it gently in the small space of the peg-tip. There they sit, two little breasts, a red and a white. Lovely little pair !

I bade adieu to the respectful occupants of the homestead, and, prosecuting my journey, after several days, found myself among my friends. If in this sorrowing world of ours the much-sought-for happiness is ever enjoyed, its light falls on the home-hearth, when the lost one crosses the threshold.

Again I lifted the latch : tears and adieus closed the interview of friends : but the memory of the scenes of the early homestead abide for ever !

F. G.

TO 'LITTLE FREDDY' IN HEAVEN.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

FAIR spirit ! from the earth untimely fled,
 Dost thou come near me with thy silver wings ?
 Or is it some bright bird of heaven that sings
 So sweetly in my heart since thou wast dead ?
 Alas ! the hands that pillowed thy dear head,
 The eyes that watched thee through long nights of pain,
 Will know thee nevermore on earth again ;
 For thou art gone unto thy narrow bed.
 Yet if to weary hearts that long have shed
 Their tears for thee in drops of scalding rain,
 Thou comest still — oh ! be it not in vain,
 That we, too, follow where thy feet have led,
 Upward through this dark world to that bright shore
 Where those who part on earth shall meet to part no more.

B L U E - E Y E D F L O R E N C E .

BY W. H. C. HOESNER.

I.

BLUE-EYED FLORENCE! where art thou?
With thy radiant baby-brow,
And thy voice of silvery tone,
And thy smile — an angel's own?
Place upon thy father's knee
Well I know was dear to thee;
He is toiling far away,
And hath vanished many a day
Since he crossed home's cottage-sill;
Is his love remembered still?

II.

Blue-eyed FLORENCE! it was bliss
Every morn to claim thy kiss;
Feel from my world-weary heart
Dross and earthiness depart.
Sharer in thy love so bright,
With a flash of heavenly light;
Listen while thy mother smiled,
To thy questions, darling child!
Puzzling to the wisest brain;
Will that bliss return again?

III.

Brightest of the rosy band
In sweet childhood's fairy-land!
Does remembrance ever stray
To thy father, far away?
Dost thou, when a thought of him
Comes thy sunny joy to dim,
Sometimes with a moistening eye,
Throw thy doll and play-things by?
Is his name upon thy tongue
When the morning hymn is sung?

IV.

Ah! it is a grievous wrong
We should parted be so long;
That thy carol, like a bird,
Must by other ears be heard
Singing some quaint nursery air,
In thy little rocking-chair.
Others mark thy budding charms,
Others toss thee in their arms;
While thy father, sad and lonely,
Sees thee in a night-dream only.

V.

Blue-eyed FLORENCE! when I meet
 Little children in the street,
 Closely do I hunt for traces
 Of thy beauty in their faces;
 For thy glance of sunny beam,
 And thy hair of golden gleam;
 For thy burst of mirth unbounded,
 And thy temples, fair and rounded;
 For thy motion, like a linnet,
 And thy laugh, with music in it;
 And I bless them if I find
 Aught recalling thee to mind.

S C H E D I A S M S .

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

CHILDREN: A SERMON OF THE HEART.

‘THEY have children at their desire, and leave the rest of their substance for their babes.’

PSALM 17.

HOME! — domestic happiness! — fireside! — what are they without children? Are we not sometimes thoughtless of how much we owe as a sheer debt to our little folks? How hard, and cold, and literal, and selfish is social life apt to become where they are not! By ‘home,’ I do not mean the house we live in. Time and place are but opportunities and occasions. The daily routine of life is but the chain that holds the linked hours together. Were it not for sympathies and affections, love and hate, hope and despair, confidence and distrust, gratitude and ingratitude, the passions and the weaknesses of men, nay the very brittleness and uncertainty of the tenure of this life of ours, what a monotonous and undesirable, ‘stale, flat, and unprofitable’ thing, indeed! The preacher tells us misfortunes are ‘disguised blessings,’ and all nature and the experiences of life tell us that the loveliness of life and that which makes us cling most fondly to it, is made up of the shifting kaleidoscopic character of its passing events — of the chances and changes of fortune — of the ever-varying emotions that fill our minds and hearts — of here a bit of sorrow and there a bit of joy — of now an annoyance or a care and then an unexpected pleasure — of once a burden to bear and again the sweet remembrance of duty done — of evil apprehended and happiness found — in short, of glimpses and receding distances and dissolving views. So home is the epitome of life — if it is fully peopled; and domestic happiness is the nearest and commonest approach to the most perfect felicity that is vouchsafed us.

‘I live my life a second time in my children,’ says the glad father,

'and I watch their hopes and fears, their longings and their pleasures, with more than a double joy — joy that none but a parent knows. How vividly they carry back my memory to my early days! The sting of early sorrow has lost its venom — nay, remembered sorrow is sweet — the random impulses of heart and brain that distracted my child-life — the timid grasping after things to me then incomprehensible now rush upon my recollection and awaken a pleasant satisfaction. I see my boy's mind opening and bewildered at the vista that stretches out before him. I see him stumbling; I watch him trembling amid mazes of doubt and error. I let him grope to the right — to the left — I wonder if he will hit the true path, after all. I try him with a hint. He won't comprehend me; he is so conceited, so obstinate, so like his father; he will go wrong when he could go right just as easily; perhaps he does not know how to choose. I let him out to the end of his chain; then I startle him and bring him into the track, and set him going again.'

Parental love is a new and original sensation. The childless know nothing of it. It comes to men often when all the freshness of life is worn out, and it is rejuvenescent. Blessed dispensation of Providence! Let us look at it more closely for a while. Until nearly twenty, say, a young man gets on very well. As a boy, has he not his top and his ball and his kite? Has he not his school-mates, his boy-friendships, his quarrels, his tasks? Then as he gets farther on in his teens, has he not his college-days, his boy-rivalries, his man-apings, his bread-and-butter loves, his *mania-a-poetry*, his dissipations and his mortal headaches, and his good resolutions, his philosophies and his strivings after atheism, and his plunges into pantheism? Is he not a sophomore, and does he not revel in the classics and despise Milton and Wordsworth, and the false opinion that sustains them? Now look at our hero at thirty. He has passed through many a crisis; he has had the measles and he is done with poetry; he has played through the whole gamut of infidelity and come back to the Bible his mother taught him how to read; he gives much time to the business and affairs of life; he has been in love; he has married.

In love and married! We must pause and take breath. In love! How balmily the earth smiled when the sweet influence of a real passion stole over him, and charmed and filled every sense! He was a new man. He saw every thing in a new light, and with a clearer vision. The eternal harmonies of God and the fitness of things, and the usefulness of God's creatures, each in its appropriate function, without his knowing why, are suddenly apparent and tangible to his intuitive sense. A large and wide-embracing charity fills his soul. He is an optimist; he is in love with all mankind. The fragrant influence of woman in all her loveliness has fallen upon him, gentle as the dews of heaven, pure and soothing as summer moonlights. But little does he think how much of it may, in the alembic of his shallow soul, prove pure moonshine in fact. He scarcely recognizes his former self. He is possessed of a new sensation, branching off into new sympathies, new desires, new hopes, new influences. The air he breathed languidly yesterday fills him to-day with magnetic sensations; he flushes and chills; the blood

tingles in his veins; his flesh creeps at the roots of his hair. He was getting a-weary of the world and *blasé*, but now he is an enthusiast and a luxuriast too.

Married, too! How sped the honeymoon, and how the months have glided noiselessly away, in the fond companionship of the sharer of his joys and hopes, I scarcely stop to note. The transition, through the stronger tides and currents of his heart, from love to marriage, was not violent or abrupt. It was another chapter in one story, and might be entitled 'more of the same.' It bore no resemblance to the crossing of that electrical bridge that spanned the chasm between the period when he was only in love with himself, and when he fell in love with her he now calls wife. That wore the look of newness and change; this wears the look of progress in the same path. To him whose heart has been untouched by the sacred flame, love is a mystery and foolishness; and when the riddle is solved and the infidel believes, a great and shining light blazes about him, and he sees not as others see. But when a man is once in love, considered as a psychological transition, marriage is the easiest thing in the world.

Well, time passes. There begins to be a little show of lassitude — a little consciousness of sameness in the life of our Benedick — just the least bit in the world, but just enough to put him now and then in a brown study. 'Why do you mope so, this evening?' 'Was I moping? I was never more cheerful and happy in my life.' It was his first white lie — to her. The cloud passes off. Still ever and anon we catch our hero listless, lacking alacrity, and prone to sleep heavily after dinner. He makes long visits to his club again, as in bachelor days, and returns to his wife smelling of tobacco, and looking more tired than before. He has gone back to his habit of smoking, and you see him sit idly silent, by the hour, in the still evening air, caressing his — segar, and watching, with a half-envious eye, the graceful smoke-wreaths curling slowly upward. I would not for an empire fling trouble before the clear blue eyes and cloudless brow of the lovely creature yonder, who is reading in musical tone to his dull ear. So constant and devoted herself, if he hears not a word, no suspicion of his heedlessness ever crosses her mind. She is not made of the stuff that loses virtue when the freshness of the first gloss is worn off.

Now, if the truth — the real truth — should happen to be discovered by some great prophet, that he was beginning — just beginning to fancy himself getting a little tired of his (shall I say it?) monotonous life, would she, could she believe it? Not a word of it. Never. But it might be true, for all that. I am suspicious that the inconstant fellow sometimes feels that life is something of a bore still. Is this an incurable disease and constitutional, that it is ever recurring? How often must this troublesome patient be cured? I am afraid, when I see him once in a while going into fits of abstraction, I am afraid he is in danger of becoming *blasé* again. Fie on the blockhead! Is this the way he keeps his vows 'to love and to cherish until death doth part?' Talk of the inconstancy of woman! In their dealings with each other, man is the changeling, woman the steadfast.

Years pass on. Honeymoon is a far receding reminiscence. The

husband and wife are no longer young. She is more quiet and more happy, while he is more blithe and gay. We left him launching his frail bark in a sea of reveries that has swallowed many a hopeful life-boat. We did not expose the sick fancies of his brain, for we knew he might yet be heartily ashamed of them. But he is safe now. He is a father; and in the fond accents and endearments of his children, and in parental love and affection, he has found another new sensation. This was quite as novel and almost as electrical as his first passion; but it is wider in its grasp; it reaches out and touches infinity; it has something of the vagueness and vastness of the sublime in the indefiniteness of its scope. It is the voice of nature *without* responding to the voice of nature *within* him, as deep calleth unto deep. The great want and craving of his soul that was swaying him to and fro, in the younger years of his life, has found food meet for it.

‘For his gayer hours
It has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and it glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.’

Oh! parental love and childish affection! how like a gentle shower ye fall upon the parched heart of man! Myriad vistas open before me as I name the theme. All the tongues of men could not exhaust it. I wish but to hint how much we owe to our children for keeping our hearts in sound and healthy tone. How heartily Jeremy Taylor puts it: ‘No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man’s heart dance, in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.’ Many a reader of this genial tribute to our baby friends will be sure the good Bishop, when he wrote it, was looking straight at the little rogues that are now climbing his knee.

Men are such restless, fidgetty, perverse mortals in their mental and moral tendencies, it is hard to say to what ugly depths of morbidity they might descend but for this soothing dispensation. A man’s heart is a spring that easily gets choked and dried up at the source. It is lucky for us we have these little sprites to keep the fountain playing. I fear men would become soon a desperate set of savages but for the sweet influence of these little household gods—Lares and Penates. Husbands tire of their wives, and wives tire of their husbands, and children tire of their parents, but what father is ever weary of his children? A man is never weary of life while his children surround him. Petty and temporary annoyances, sorrow and care, this life is full of, vexation and disappointment come to us all; but where is the father who is a misanthrope or a scoffer?

Conjugal love is a balm to the soul. It has often proved a beacon-light to the wanderer upon a trackless sea. It has saved many an erring and almost lost man from selfish indulgence and degradation. Yet conjugal love is not to man the same absorbing passion as to woman.

She possesses her heart's treasure, and is satisfied. Some men are never satisfied with any thing fixed or positive. They will be running after new and strange gods. They crave for more sympathy and more excitement. The more superficial the character, often the greater the need, and the more insatiable the thirst. Love and marriage fill a chapter of their lives, but they soon sigh, with bitterness and with truth, 'Without children there is no marriage.' Nay, sometimes after being pleasantly tossed about for a period upon the gentle waves and tides of love and marriage, just when you fancy they are safely launched in smooth, deep water, out of reach of ground-swell and under-tow, a mocking wave breaks over them and hurls them staggering high and dry upon the arid sands of misanthropy and selfishness again. Celibacy were better than this! Better be a Shaker and make brooms, or polka at arm's-length, than such a moping, childless husband.

'The world must be peopled,' says Benedick. The heart must be peopled, say we, and we prefer a native to a foreign population. We are no Malthusians. We live by choice in the American city of largest population. We hold up both hands for him who is called father by the greatest number of girls and boys. We revere the patriarchs. We always did agree with the Vicar of Wakefield, who said that 'the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population.' We pity the Napoleon of our day, and we wish all good and honest people may 'have children at their desire, and leave the rest of their substance for their babes.'

S O N N E T .

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. N. G. C.

Ah! never, lady, can we hope to stand
 Acquitted debtors for the kindness done
 By thee and thine to our beloved one;
 When, lorn and friendless in the alien land,
 She felt the warm clasp of your gentle hand,
 And heard fond words, whose music seemed to be
 Home's own dear echoes from beyond the sea,
 Sweeter than gales from flowery Samarcand.
 Oh! that for once were ours the magic art,
 In dearth of hopeless ingots of the mine,
 To coin the golden wishes of the heart,
 And grace the mintage with thy face divine!
 What precious stores our bosoms would impart!
 What sumless coffers, lady, then were thine!

W. P. P.

New-York, July, 1854.

M Y B O O K S .

I.

Oh! tell me not I am alone
Because no beating heart is near,
Because no voice of human tone
Makes pleasant music in my ear.

II.

Oh! tell me not I am alone,
For here are my companions meet;
My books have voice of music tone,
And me with pleasant words they greet.

III.

They look upon me from their shelves;
They lie around me where I sit:
They seem to know that in themselves
Are hidden stores of worth and wit.

IV.

When with them hurtful Lust has fled,
And Avarice forgets to hoard;
Ambition raises not its head
Where reigneth Mind, supremest lord!

V.

They are the 'Glasse of Counsell,' clear,
In which the soul reviews its dress;
They to the busy give good cheer,
And drive away all weariness.

VI.

He that shall have them gets reward,
In doubt they make the crooked plain:
In fear they serve a faithful guard,
By them the sick forget their pain.

VII.

Time spent with them is doubly gained,
And more of worth than money is;
By them submissive slaves have reigned;
Without them, kings have failed of this.

VIII.

If for my reading and my books
The crowns of this terrestrial ball
Were offered me, with scornful looks
Indignant I would spurn them all.

IX.

Then tell me not I am alone,
For while these volumes near me lie,
There ever rise in loftiest tone
The sounds of sweetest minstrelsy.

Troy, (N. Y.) Sept. 4th, 1854.

B. H. HALL

'HE WAS A MAN.'

IN a quiet enclosure on Vista Hill, Greenwood Cemetery, there is a new-made grave. About it have been planted no flowering shrubs, significant of beauty which perisheth; but ever-greens are there, the emblems of immortality. Here rests all that was mortal of a man whose name and influence, though they owed nothing to the favors of fortune, will be remembered long after his body shall have mixed with common dust. Though in all that constitutes a true life he was immeasurably superior to most of his contemporaries, it is probable that his name will be omitted from the annals of to-day when time shall make them history; but tradition, devotedly cherished, will keep his memory green when thousands whom the future historian shall have celebrated are forgotten, or remembered only with shame. When we call to mind how few examples worthy of imitation are furnished by the historic record; that, in fact, most of the illustrious names of the earth are altogether insignificant when tried in the balance of virtue, it will appear how precious to us are the lives of the truly good; and we shall be warned not to regard men lightly because they made no great flourish in their day. True greatness is rarely patent to the world. In the words of an accomplished writer, 'When great men are to be sought for, the mind that is governed by worldly ideas rushes straight to the palaces of kings, or enters into the cabinet where statesmen assemble, or attends the foot-steps of the warrior over the ensanguined field. But reason and religion conduct us in far different paths, and present us with far different objects. They discover to us many a time true greatness under the obscure roof of a cottage, or the spreading branches of a great tree; they exhibit dignity and consequence affixed not to the royal sceptre, but to the shepherd's crook; and feelingly teach us that what is highly prized among men is of little estimation in the sight of God.'

In no way, perhaps, can the philanthropist better serve his race than by holding up to the view of mankind, in fitting memorial, the lives and character of the lowly great. It will therefore be a most pleasing and profitable labor to portray something of the life and conversation of a wise and good man of whom our community have been recently bereft. Nor need we, in order to display those excellences of character that are calculated to contribute to our delight and instruction, rehearse at large the deeds that served to exhibit them; since 'those lives which deserve most to be had in remembrance are most easily recorded. The history of an Enoch is told in three words, while the exploits of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or any other of the scourges and destroyers of mankind are comprised in many volumes.'

STEPHEN UNDERHILL was born at Newcastle, Westchester county, New-York, in the year 1789. At the age of sixteen he came to the city of New-York to seek his fortune, and here spent most of his life in mercantile pursuits. Though possessing largely those traits of mind which are essential to success in trade, yet throughout his career he scrupulously avoided enlarging his business beyond moderation, having no wish

for more of this world's riches than was requisite to secure to his family the advantages of independence. Beside, he feared the enticements of money-getting. Seeing how worldly-minded those engaged in trade are apt to become, to the neglect and often the scandal of their higher duties, civil, social, and religious, he was careful to keep free from the trammels of commerce, though occupied in successful business, and thus was at all times diligent in the discharge of every obligation enjoined by religion, society, or the state.

Eminent for probity, assiduity, prudence, and sagacity, he was ever vigilant lest others should suffer by their relations with him, well knowing how precarious are the issues of commercial affairs. A signal proof of his nice sense of justice and sterling integrity is furnished by a conspicuous act of his early life. His business resources at one time becoming, as he feared, dangerously involved by reason of outside transactions, though prosperous to outward appearance, and sustained by an unimpaired credit, he resorted to the expedient, as noble as it was remarkable, of sacrificing his business without delay, disposing of his stock of goods, and even trenching upon his household furniture, for the satisfaction of his obligations. But with a courageous heart he began life anew, feeling that he could now stand up before his God with the proud and comforting assurance that he was no man's debtor. Virtuous man! Well might thy landlord, the legal possessor of wide estates, exclaim, as he was stripping the chambers of thy dwelling, 'Would to God I were as rich as thou!'

But business grew distasteful to him when he became familiar with the rules by which it is ordinarily conducted. It need not be said how he despised the crafty chicanery to which business men too often resort to over-reach each other; nor how he scorned the casuistical subtleties by which it was excused. Though far from deeming any departure from the path of honor necessary to success, he feared the contagion of example, and avoided it by withdrawing early beyond its influence. Happy for the world if his conduct in this simple particular were more largely imitated!

Riches and public honors were equally within his reach had he deemed them worth the cost; but a quiet conscience, repose of spirit, and scenes of humbler duties were far dearer to him. Nor let his choice be rashly condemned. However offensive to the highest impulses of humanity that philosophy may be which inculcates a love of selfish ease, reason and religion alike require of most men to avoid the disquietudes of mind consequent upon contention. Neither is repose of spirit at variance with activity. Witness the whole public career of the illustrious Howard, for an example. Though engaged upon a gigantic scheme of benevolence, unparalleled in scope and for the personal sacrifices and exertions it required, he preserved in the midst of a most extraordinary display of sustained enthusiasm a serenity and elasticity of mind equally remarkable, so that no day passed without witnessing the quiet performance of his routine of self-imposed devotions.

He was born and educated in the bosom of the Society of Friends, and continued a consistent member of that sect to his death. Early impressed with religious sensibility, he became an able teacher and

preacher of the Gospel under the sanction of the Church, at a time of life when most men are engrossed in things of earth. For a series of years he guided the deliberations of the New-York Yearly Meeting of Friends, and so acceptably did he discharge the duties incident to that high and responsible position that his services were long regarded as indispensable. But 'as the affairs of the church, according to the principles of that religious society, are to be administered without pecuniary reward, he found it necessary at length to contract the sphere of his labors therein, and to give his attention more singly to his business. He continued, however, to render valuable service in the church as a counsellor, for which his comprehensive, ready, and sagacious mind well adapted him. So, too, in the difficult and responsible trusts that devolved upon him at different periods of his life, in various capacities of secretaryship, he acquitted himself always with fidelity and ability. In the regulation of his desires religion had little to do that was austere, since nature had given him a disposition that had more pleasure in obedience than in forbidden enjoyment. That his leisure might be peaceful, he was solicitous to make his activity innocent; and in this way he bore through a long life a spotless name.

In the sphere of the domestic virtues his character was eminently beautiful. Before the fire-side of home the dignity of demeanor that marked his ordinary intercourse with men melted into tender and delicate endearment, and he was at once the lover, the father, and the chosen friend. Among his mourners are a troop of little folks with whom he gamboled, and who esteemed him as among their most cherished companions, though many of them, it is believed, knew him by no other name than 'grand-pa,' which was a favorite appellation with them all.

In person, and especially in physiognomy, he bore a striking resemblance to Doctor FRANKLIN, as the sage is represented in portraits and description. There was the same commanding carriage, nicely blended with a mild sun-shine of countenance that gave assurance while it inspired homage. There was much too in the temper of their minds to challenge comparison. Unfailing good sense, a happy balance of humor and sobriety, of reason and wit; uniform in desires and attachments, imperturbable in good nature, with this marked difference, however, that where the Philosopher was admired and courted, the Friend was cherished as a brother; and what with the one took the character of affection, with the other was nothing more than friendship.

Thus has been sketched in outline the character of a man who adorned every station in life which duty called him to fill; who passed his days in the quiet and conscientious discharge of every duty, and in the constant enjoyment of peace of mind which flowed therefrom; who in youth so hedged in his evil propensities that in age men wondered at the simplicity of his heart and the purity of his character, and deemed his exemplary habits of conduct the result of a daily warfare and a daily victory; who, in obedience to the Divine injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' followed no *ignis fatuus* of ambition, but was content to be found diligent in an humble sphere of conscientious labor. Had he been born to a kingdom his reign would have been to his people gentle and beneficent as dew that falls upon

the thirsting ground, and his memory like the light of the most distant stars, which will continue to stream upon the earth for ages after they shall have been blotted out from the firmament, would have gone down with undiminished lustre to a far posterity. But he was sent to embellish the walks of private life, and to be a lesson to ambitious men that there is no relation between usefulness and renown.

From so shining an example let us gather wisdom, and commend our restless, weary spirits to humility, meditation, and repose.

THE ROOTED SORROW.

I.

'THEY may preach as they please,' smiled the fair LEONORE,
 'That beauty has wings, but I find it not so:
 My image still wears the same graces it wore
 When I looked in the glass sixteen summers ago.

II.

'The cheek of the matron perhaps may betray
 A shade less of rose than embellished the girl's:
 But its tint is as fresh and its dimple as gay
 As the maiden one's kissed by these glossy brown curls.'

III.

Thus saying, she brushed the dear ringlets aside,
 And gazed, but the smile was soon chased by a frown,
 As her eye in the tale-telling mirror espied
 A strange silver thread interlacing the brown.

IV.

Anon through her tremulous fingers she drew
 The tress in whose ambush the pale spectre lay:
 But alas! too impatient for calmness of view,
 She plucked out three dark hairs instead of the gray!

V.

Again and again to the task she applies,
 Resolved her fair brow shall be rid of its shame,
 Till warned to give o'er, with indignant surprise,
 Since the brown locks alone were the worse for her aim.

VI.

The moral of this is, to bear and forbear:
 Let TIME do his worst with our gardens of rose,
 Lest seeking to root out one innocent tare,
 We hurt but the flower where it harmlessly grows.

New-York, 1854.

W. P. P.

L A K E M I C H I G A N .

‘For to behold it was ane glore to see
The stabled windis and the calmed sea,
The lounie illuminate air.’

GAVIN DOUGLASS.

I AM no poet, yet, upon my word,
There are some moments when one needs must know
There is a harp within him which, when stirred,
Gives to his thoughts a more melodious flow
And harmony of order, and the glow
Of that rich life which thrills upon the brain,
Fraught with sweet joyaunce or dissolving woe;
The wakened pulse of ‘the poetic vein;’
Till Fancy lights her torch and fires the longing train.

So have I felt, when bounding o’er thy wave,
My pulses leapt responsive to their roar;
Or when the surges woke to roar and rave,
Or idly beat the silver-sanded shore
With a wild vigor never felt before
Save when the tempest swept the unbounded wood,
Felling the forest-monarchs vast and hoar,
Startling the stillness of the solitude
With echoing crash on crash, far pealing many a rood!

Oh! who may know, save he whose foot hath trod
The pathless mazes of the wilderness,
The wild, green verdure of the prairie sod,
And sailed o’er seas as pure and bright as this,
The wavelet’s dimple, and the dark abyss,
As breeze or storm disturbs the watery flow,
The full of freedom, or the extent of bliss?
Or who hath known, or who may ever know,
The measure of his heart, except its space for woe?

They who have roamed o’er the Ægean sea,
Gemmed with its countless islands, and beheld
The pride of Scotland, and the Switzer’s Zee,
Wandering long years o’er mountain, flood, and feld,
In search of the romantic and the eld,
The fools of fashion and a travelled fame
Which long ago the death of Wisdom knelled,
An unread book the guerdon of their shame,
Who ne’er beheld thy face, and rarely hear thy name:

How poor their toil, how worthless by thy wave,
Where stoop thy lovers, all the verdant hills,
As if they longed yet almost feared to lave,
Lest they should break the enchantment which distills
The different beauty of a thousand rills,
And spreads them in one mirror, broad and blue,
Trembling beneath the summer-breath which thrills
The purest glass that evening ever knew,
Clearer than Lomond’s Loch, and of a fairer hue!

Thy shores *were* empires; but oh! where are they
 Who trod thy hills and listened to thy flow
 When Rome was but the wonder of a day;
 Ere yet was struck the fratricidal blow
 Which gave her name, but laid a founder low?
 Perchance, before the Pyramids begun
 They rose and flourished, conquered foe on foe,
 Till brooding darkness veiled their mid-day sun,
 As field on field was fought and fort on fort was won!

Approach, thou travelled fool! Say, hast thou seen
 'Mid Europe's hills more venerable stones?
 Draw, if thou canst, the dark, mysterious screen,
 And read the history of these crumbling bones!
 Who reared these altars, and who built their thrones,
 Where hoary Ruin lurks 'mid old Decay,
 And weep the rills, and wild the tempest moans
 The glory of a people passed away,
 Till even Conjecture tires, and Learning weeps for aye?

How oft hath been thy ebb,* mysterious lake!
 How oft thy flow, since thou wast wild and lone;
 The only sound which bade thy echoes wake,
 The Indian war-whoop, or the dying groan
 Of captive warrior, and the sudden moan
 Of the weird-harp † amid the pine-trees hung,
 Thrilling the forest with its singular tone,
 So fitfully upon the night-air flung,
 As swept the freshening breeze the swaying boughs among?

And now once more a nation throngs thy hills,
 Prouder than they who trod thy shores of old;
 Their mansions rise by all thy tribute rills,
 On the green islands which thy waters hold;
 Strong in its youth, and wise, and firmly bold;
 And, lo! their starry banners 'mid the trees
 In many a silken, undulating fold,
 Twined with young laurels, float upon the breeze!
 Say, shall oblivion ever roll its surges over these?

Thou who of old on young ADONIS smiled,
 Queen of the evening! tell me, hast thou seen
 A sea more lovely, or a land more wild?
 Did ever wave reflect a fairer scene?
 A thousand feet beneath the blue serene,
 Floating in lucid beauty, lovely star!
 I see thine image trembling, as I lean
 Over the rail, close watching from afar
 To catch the first faint gleam of the white sandy bar.

The breakers roar around me, capped with foam,
 Gleaming like sheeted spectres on the night;
 The winds have caught the welcome scent of home,
 And strain the canvas with redoubled might,
 Urging the quivering bark to swifter flight.
 The bar is passed: astern the billows roar;
 The hills have shut them from my straining sight;
 The river-sprites embrace the weary prone—
 Bride of the wilds, farewell! I ne'er may greet thee more!

L. J. D.

* THERE is a regular tide in Lake Michigan which ebbs and flows once in seven years.
 † Almost every one is familiar with the sound of a pine-forest in a fresh breeze.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

AN OLD RESIDENT COMES BACK TO NEWTOWN.

‘AND justice is turned away backward, and judgment standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter.’
ISAIAH.

HARRY FLINT, in his new home, far away on the Pacific coast, has gained strength once more, and with strength, courage and action and success. The letters which have come to him from time to time have not been so pleasantly colored as he could have wished, more especially the amiable sisterly one, which bade him hope (if he would only come back) to stand as groomsman for Mr. ADOLPHUS QUID; but yet they had weaned him more and more from the old home ties, and shaken off from his manly heart altogether any remnant weaknesses which fed his sentiment and diverted his force from the great battle of the world, in which he hoped to win both name and fame.

There had grown up a pride, indeed, in his manly loneliness, which may, perhaps, have been corrupted by selfishness, but which had, after all, that unity of direction and concentration of energies which insured success. He reads with a swift unconcern all which the garrulous old aunt tells him of the gossip of Newtown. He cares very little about the fine carriage, which fills a fine paragraph, and which drives regularly to the BODGERS’ door. In idle hours, he even cultivates a familiarity with those books which speak of the tender passion as a weakness; he has considerable appreciation of their authors; he thinks they must be men of sense. He rather pities young QUID, who he hears is so far gone. Of course he pities KITTY, too; but thinks (in his letter) that it will be a nice match.

He speaks in a business-like way of possibly marrying, ‘some of these days,’ a rich Spanish Señora of California, and wants to know what little BESSIE thinks of that?

BESSIE, of course, is horrified, and so is the aunt; and both think he must have grown very mercenary in that terrible San-Francisco. But when the letter comes from the old aunt, detailing the harsh scandal about HARRY FLINT, and his forgery, the young man is waked again, and finds he cares more about the good or bad opinion which may be had of him, in the old home village, than he had once believed. I think even that with all his sentiment rooted up and thrown away — as he believes — he yet feels a very quick-acting and sensitive pride

about the opinion which Miss KITTY or Mrs. QUID (as the case may be) entertains of his character.

As for any tenderness of feeling on her part, he snaps his fingers at that ; of course he does. But even she shall never despise him, or think lightly of his honor. I think he would have even suffered a reproach and accusation so unreasonable to brood upon the benighted minds of the BIVINSES, and other town's-folks ; perhaps he would have been careless of Mrs. FLEMING's opinion ; but that KITTY, for whom he had once cherished a dreamy, boyish sentiment, commemorated even now with dried roses, that she should hear men call him criminal, is what he will not suffer. She may think lightly if she chooses of his sentiment, (as, indeed, he does now-a-days himself,) but as for his manly honesty, she shall have no triumph there, whether as Mrs. QUID or KITTY. She shall never have two opinions on that subject.

HARRY FLINT therefore prepares, though at great inconvenience to his business, to go home and make his character good ; he will at least show the good gossips of Newtown that he ran away from no exposure, of whatever sort.

The aunt and BESSIE, who was indeed ailing, and far thinner than when he left the country, receive him with open arms. And they tell him, little by little, all the news ; how the old Squire, only a day or two after he had gone, was drowned in such a terrible way ; and how there had been a great many rumors about the property ; and how a strange lady from over seas had claimed it as hers, and afterward gone ; and how Mrs. FLEMING had sold her old home, and come to live in the BODGERS' house, of which Mr. QUID had kindly given her the rental ; and how the young man had been very attentive ; and how the old lady and *all* were so delighted with it ; and how it was said he had proved false, and KITTY was so cast down, but bore it so bravely ; and how finally there was a story that he (HARRY) (which they never believed for one second) had forged a will, that gave the property to KITTY. All these things were told him by the good old lady, interrupted at quite frequent and irregular intervals, by her repeating (as if he doubted it) how glad she was that he had come.

HARRY made an early call upon Mrs. FLEMING and KITTY, as was very proper. They were 'extremely glad' to see him, both mother and daughter ; and 'looking so well, too, for they had heard of his having been very ill.' KITTY was very courteous and very dignified ; HARRY did not allow enough for a change of a year and more. He should have remembered that he had put on considerable dignity himself. I have no doubt in my own mind but that he was more studiously courteous than the young lady herself. Of course he made no allusion to their benefactors, the QUIDS ; it was a sore subject — not for him, of course, but for them.

I think the womanly dignity of KITTY rather worried him. As a lawyer of reputation in a far-away city, who had cultivated considerable energy of purpose, who rather smiled now-a-days at all weaknesses of sentiment, and looked indifferently upon young women generally, I think he had counted upon a little more of timidity and awe — so to speak — on the part of the young country lady. And his worry was all

the greater because — as he remarked to himself, as he strode between the holly-hock blossoms to the gate — she had retained all her old good looks, with a little softening of the livelier colors in her face, which even added to her prettiness. Had he been in young QUID's place, he thought he would hardly have jilted her; and yet he did n't know, so many things were to be taken into account.

It is very odd how a man will play the knave and liar to his own heart, and yet if a neighbor but hint at his falsity, he contests the matter like a hero. HARRY FLINT determined in his own mind to show the most hypocritical and stolid indifference to Miss FLEMING and all her affairs; and yet he worked himself into quite a tempest of indignation about the idle gossip of the village.

This last was very useless indeed, for the bare sight of HARRY's honest, manly face, in the street of the little town, disarmed all reproach, and satisfied the old ladies, one and all, that they had done him wrong. This, however, was not enough for HARRY. He was determined to trace the matter to its source; and succeeded, indeed, in reducing the charge to the reports of Miss BIVINS and her respectable parent, the Justice of the Peace. The equanimity of this old gentleman was considerably disturbed by a threat of instant prosecution on the part of his old office-clerk, who showed a vigor and a familiarity with legal affairs which would certainly never have ripened to such a degree in the office by the meeting-house corner.

'Squire BIVINS volunteered indeed full explanation of the grounds of his suspicion, and his regrets that it should have become a subject of village talk. HARRY, who was really of a forgiving nature, listened kindly to his old master in law; put him right on several points; gave him to understand what errors he had labored under; and ended with assuring him that the signature of Mr. BODGERS was a genuine one, and that he had remarked at the time its unlikeness to the usual writing of the 'Squire, who, he might remember, was suffering from a disabled arm.

'Squire BIVINS felt a pride in the energetic, manly cast of his old clerk, and was rejoiced more than any creature in the town to find the matter set right, and the character of friend HARRY made good. He begged that he would come to his house to tea, and assured him that MEHITABEL would be deeply grieved to find that she had carelessly done him the injury by repeating such suspicions. He hoped HARRY would allow her the favor of excusing herself in person.

MEHITABEL cooked her apology in a prodigious plate of muffins, set off with a pot of last year's jelly.

In the course of the tea drinking, conversation turned very naturally upon the QUIDS. Miss MEHITABEL thought that the young man had behaved very ungenerously; for herself, she had foreseen his falsity, and warned Miss KITTY long before matters had become so serious (she did not say how serious.) She pitied KITTY from her heart; but thought she had brought it on herself; indeed, by MEHITABEL's account, she was very angry with her interference, and received young QUID afterward with greater fondness than ever. The old 'Squire, in confirmation of MEHITABEL's statement, gave a ludicrous account of his inter-

view with Mrs. FLEMING, in which he ventured to hint that the young suitor was mercenary in his views.

He thought he should not interfere in any love matter again.

HARRY ate his muffins with a poor relish.

'And it was odd,' continued the 'Squire, 'that they, so quiet people, should have taken just such a fancy as that; now, I should have thought,' and a genial smile lit up the old 'Squire's lip, 'that an honest, sensible young fellow, like — HARRY FLINT, for instance, would have been much more to their taste.'

'Oh! yes!' exclaimed MEHITABEL, and thereafter blushed in an extraordinary manner at her own enthusiasm.

HARRY FLINT ate his muffins with a poor relish.

Finally the talk turned upon the will, and upon the chances the FLEMINGS might have of recovery. HARRY FLINT, if for no other purpose than to make public declaration of his having witnessed the instrument, was anxious to see the matter forced to an issue. There was an entry in the will in favor of the village authorities of Newtown, and in this interest Mr. FLINT might safely exert himself without trenching upon his indifferent humor with respect to the FLEMINGS.

'Squire BIVINS, moreover, at the suggestion of HARRY, took an early occasion to call upon the general legatee, Miss KITTY, and to consult with her about taking necessary measures for bringing the affair to trial.

It was very droll, 'very droll indeed,' said 'Squire BIVINS, but Miss KITTY did not wish to meddle at all in the matter. They had accepted favors from Mr. QUID; they were even now living in the house to which he held legal claim. Mr. QUID had generously been the first to make known the will, and to place it in the hands of Mr. BIVINS. He had already made communication of these things to Mrs. FLEMING, and had been liberal in his professions of regard.

In short, there were various reasons — perhaps more than I have named — why KITTY, with a strange delicacy, without absolutely opposing any action for establishing a will, (which by Mr. BIVINS' own account was legally incomplete,) did not wish to be engaged in the affair.

'It's great nonsense in the girl,' said Mr. BIVINS, and I think I should have agreed with him.

HARRY FLINT bit his lip. He thought she must have loved him very much.

The scruples of Mrs. FLEMING were, however, more easily subdued. The case was arranged under the joint management of 'Squire BIVINS and Mr. HARRY FLINT. The rumor which *would* get about, that the claimants under the will bore a bitter grudge against the heir-at-law, and that the solitary witness to the instrument and principal instigator of the suit was a wooer of Miss KITTY, did not at all contribute to the success of the cause. The plaintiffs even were disheartened; the argument was poorly conducted. On the other hand, the defence was clever and vigorous, and no body seemed surprised at the speedy decision of the court, which threw out the will, as being informal and utterly worthless.

The decision was legal, perhaps ; but it seems to me that it was very unjust. Indeed I am inclined to think there is a great distinction oftentimes between law and right ; the same distinction obtains, in the opinion of many people, between lawyers and thoroughly honest men.

Mr. QUID, senior, in a moment of enthusiasm, proposed to re-confer the life-lease of the old BODGERS' mansion upon Mrs. FLEMING and daughter ; but Mrs. FLEMING, under the advices, I dare say, of KITTY, declined to accept this overture ; and gathering together the remnants of her little property, she prepared to go out from the BODGERS' house, and to occupy, with KITTY, a humble cottage in the village.

Mrs. DYKE, relenting somewhat from her usual dignity, hoped KITTY 'would soon come back again, and 'of right,' to the old house.'

But KITTY, thinking of Mr. QUID, and wounded at the thought, said, 'the time would be very far off.'

The little village troop of girls followed her to the cottage, and made it joyous with their voices ; and newly-planted vines, taken from the old stock at home, grew fastly in the sunshine, and braided shadows on the cottage-porch. There was one voice wanting to the school choir ; it was that of BESSIE FLINT. She was ill.

Except for this, HARRY FLINT would before that have been again on his way to his home by the Pacific. But there was something in the eye and in the voice of BESSIE which bade him stay — to the end. It seemed to him that she was going. The physician gave little hope ; so he waited. It was a dreary stay for him — now by the sick bed ; now in the dull village street ; now walking in the wood.

Miss FLEMING sometimes came to the house where BESSIE lay ill, on little errands of kindness, and the sufferer always greeted her heartily ; and the old aunt was never tired of speaking her praises. She wondered very much why HARRY took such pains to avoid her !

But HARRY said to himself, walking in the wood, 'Let me have a fresh heart and a whole one, or none at all.'

So it seems, that with all his manliness, his sentiment is not wholly gone. There are few men, indeed, in whom it does not sometimes break out, whatever professions they may make.

CHAPTER FORTIETH.

IN WHICH AN IRISH FRIEND APPEARS.

'Our best friends oftentimes wear homely clothes ; and the fine speech of a gallant is less worth than a poor boy's bluntness.'

OLD SAYING.

Mr. BIVINS was sitting over his office-stove, reflecting on the untoward course of events — wondering what disposition Mr. QUID would make of his Newtown estates — wondering if the will could not, after all, be established, in so far as related to personal property — when he was startled by a smart little rap at the door ; and who should appear, in answer to the summons to enter, but our short-haired friend, Mr. BLIMMER's Irish boy !

'Squire BIVINS, b'lieve, Sir ?' said JERRY, very promptly.

'Yes, my name is BIVINS,' said the 'Squire ; 'what do you want, my lad ?'

'I've come about that will, Sir,' (very promptly.)

'About what will, my boy?'

'BODGERS *versus* QUID,' said the boy.

'Oh! ho!' said BIVINS, growing somewhat interested, 'and what do you know about it?'

'Pretty considerable,' said JERRY.

'Well, my lad, let's hear.'

The boy, with his characteristic promptitude, put his thumb to his nose, and gave his fingers a dexterous twirl: 'There's them that would pay me to hold my tongue,' said he.

'Oh! so! and so you want me to pay you to talk;,' and the 'Squire, after reflection, slipped a half dollar before the boy.

'It's not enough,' said JERRY; 'it's cost a dollar coming out here to Newtown, and if I sponge, I s'pose I lose my place, which's as good as three dollars to me.'

The 'Squire was not a man to spend money recklessly, especially in so awkward a case as this had proved.

'You can tramp, my lad,' said he.

'Very good, Sir,' said JERRY, 'but if you wants to hear o' BLIMMER's boy, I'll be about the tavern-stable till four o'clock.'

The name of BLIMMER arrested the 'Squire's attention.

'What's the will,' said he, 'you could tell me about, my lad?'

'BODGERS' will,' said JERRY.

'What makes you think it's the BODGERS' will?'

The boy made his previous expressive sign, followed by rapid, lawyer-like queries of this sort: 'Did n't the old hos come near burning on the Eclipse? — and was n't old BODGERS aboard? — and did n't old BODGERS say to the Governor — says he ——. But I s'pose it's no matter; not if you knows all about it now.'

'I'll tell you what,' said the 'Squire, now thoroughly interested, and drawing a ten-dollar note from his pocket, 'if you tell me enough to make the will good, you shall have this note.'

'Half down?' said the boy.

Mr. BIVINS hesitated; but his curiosity got the better of him, and he yielded to the lad's wish. 'Now, then,' said he, 'let's hear what you know about the will?'

'Well,' said JERRY, coolly putting the five-dollar note in his waistcoat-pocket, 'they've burnt it!'

'Why, you precious scoundrel!' said BIVINS, 'don't you know it's all up then?'

'Not exactly,' said the boy, 'for they made a copy, and I put my fist to it.'

Mr. BIVINS took the document from his drawer to test the boy. 'Is this your copy?' said he.

JERRY looked scrutinizingly at the names; shook his head in a puzzled manner. 'No,' said he, 'this is the bony-fidy document; they must have made a mistake between 'em, and burnt the copy.'

And thereupon the boy, in reply to the queries of the 'Squire, gave a detailed statement — how he had done special copying on one occasion for Mr. BLIMMER, particularly a great many proper names and such like

and ended with making a 'fac-smile' of the name belonging to the will ; how, when the gentleman came again, who took the copy, he rested himself a bit outside the office-door, occasionally looking through the key-hole ; and how he saw the will, then and there, burnt up, as he supposed, and heard the whole story about it, and saw the cash paid over to BLIMMER ; and how he heard them talk of 'fighting shy' of 'Squire BIVINS, who lived at Newtown ; and how he himself, for a long time, was n't able to find out where Newtown was, not having discovered that name, nor Mr. BIVINS's, in the 'Directory ;' and how he thought he might make an honest penny by coming out to tell just how matters stood, when they might do as they liked, and settle it all among 'em.

The 'Squire took careful notes of all this ; he advises the boy to 'keep on hand' for the other five, and to have a sharp watch on BLIMMER.

It is needless to say that this communication gives a new aspect to the state of affairs. Heretofore Mr. QUID has seemed to wear a commendable generosity throughout the proceedings ; his fraud in the case is a noteworthy fact. His error, in respect to Mr. BLIMMER's copy of the will, explains in a happy manner to 'Squire BIVINS his air of benevolence.

The details prove equally satisfactory to Mrs. FLEMING, to whose cottage the 'Squire now pays frequent visits.

Having placed Irish JERRY in a secure situation, out of the reach of Mr. BLIMMER, 'Squire BIVINS opens a cautious series of negotiations with that individual ; and by an amicable arrangement, to the effect that the dues upon the Blimmersville lots, now standing in the name of the QUIDS, should be paid up, out of the BODGERS' property, the friendly interference of the proprietor of Blimmersville is secured. Indeed that talkative gentleman professes to be greatly rejoiced at the accident which has brought to light the fraud of the QUIDS, and makes every atonement in his power for his connivance therein. He vows that the Blimmersville property has not prospered since the purchase of the QUIDS. He expresses a determination to restore the church-lot to its original destination ; and is every day on the look-out for an enterprising clergyman to build up a parish in that village.

The testimony of Mr. BLIMMER to the receipt of the will from the hands of Mr. BODGERS himself — who delivered it to him under solemn mention of the fact that it contained his last will and testament — was an important fact ; so important, indeed, that an eminent lawyer of the city declared the FLEMING interest to be of the safest possible character, and volunteered services for the plaintiff, with fees contingent upon the success of their application.

HARRY FLINT, consulted on occasions by the 'Squire, gives his advice freely, and engages to do all in his power toward pushing the affair to a successful issue. But yet there is not much warmth in his action ; his indifference to the FLEMINGS appears almost to be growing into pique. Where there is dignity on one side and distance on the other, it is apt to grow to this, more especially if there be some remnant of early warm feeling glowing under the dignity and the distance.

Beside this, HARRY's duties and affections seem now all centered

around the bed of his suffering BESSIE. A sister's arm could not be kinder or more gentle than his. A sister's step could not be lighter, when the sick one sleeps.

The aunt is watchful as a mother; and KITTY will find her way to the sick chamber at times, but oftenest when she knows that HARRY is away, and they will not meet. Then she lingers for hours together by the bed-side.

Sometimes HARRY and BESSIE talked of KITTY, whom the little girl loved almost as fondly as she loved her brother, and was never tired of saying how much she loved her, and how badly she thought of that villain, Mr. QUID.

'She is a very nice person,' HARRY was used to say, only to humor BESSIE.

'Nice! HARRY! oh! she is perfect; you ought to know her better, HARRY.'

'Why so, BESSIE?' for the topic, after all, does not seem ungrateful.

'Because — because, HARRY, and yet,' said BESSIE, puzzled, 'perhaps it's as well not.'

What can the little girl mean? 'Did you ever think, BESSIE,' says HARRY, puzzled in his turn, 'that I liked her *very much*?'

'Sometimes,' said BESSIE.

'And you thought it foolish?'

'Not foolish.'

'Useless, then?'

'Perhaps so,' says BESSIE, reluctantly.

'Why?' said HARRY, piqued perhaps.

'From what she said to me, HARRY.'

'When, BESSIE?' and HARRY seems to be eager in questioning.

'When I asked her once.'

'What did you ask her, BESSIE?' (his eagerness appears to increase.)

'Whether,' said BESSIE, 'she loved my brother HARRY?'

'What did she say, BESSIE?' HARRY's tone is remarkably quick.

'She was angry, HARRY, and turned very — very red, and asked why I talked so strangely, and came near crying, and begged me never to talk so again.'

If I had been in Mr. HARRY's place, I think I should have felt flattered by such a story. Lovers they say are blind; but a sensible fellow like HARRY, perfectly indifferent to sentiment and to young ladies generally, ought certainly to have shown more legal shrewdness, and not gone on harping in his thought upon the old bugbear of ADOLPHUS QUID, and wondering how KITTY could ever have loved him so much, and feeling very sure in his own mind that, having loved him so much, she could never love any body else — most of all, himself — so unlike as he was to that gay gentleman!

In short, he made himself very killingly distant to KITTY, as a revenge upon her, and gave himself the air of a man who thought very little about her, and really thought very little of any body else, except poor BESSIE, whose end is near!

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

IN WHICH TWO CASES ARE BROUGHT TO A DECISION.

'He shall keep the simple folk by their right, defend the children of the poor, and punish the wrong-doer.'

PSALMS 81 : 4.

THE paralytic old man, Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, has been removed to a small house in the village of Newtown. It is cheaper living in the country, and the physician (perhaps doubtful of his fees) has recommended country air. Mrs. PHOEBE chafes greatly at the narrowed house, ~~she is ill at ease~~ and looks down, even in her poverty, upon the vulgar town's-folk.

Mrs. FLEMING and KITTY are watchful and kind, and their brightening hopes do not break up the old ties of kindred. Indeed Mrs. SOLOMON talks more often of the approaching trial than they. Perhaps she founds hopes upon it of seeing one day again a claret carriage in the family.

'Squire BIVINS is busy all day long with papers and witnesses, and what not — growing very proud of his business connection with an eminent attorney of the city, and brushing up his wig, from time to time, for a visit to 'the Hall,' or to the grand Wall-street office of his colleague.

KITTY, seeming indifferent to the issue of events, relieves her school-hours with visits to the bed-side of BESSIE, or with a reading of the morning-papers to the old paralytic uncle ; for he can understand voices, though he can say nothing intelligibly himself ; yet he stammers about the 'will' and the 'trial' and 'BODGERS,' in a pitiable way.

The Countess, his daughter, sometimes ventures upon a visit, but the old gentleman seems to take little comfort in his daughter ; he certainly never did before her marriage, and there is no more reason for it now. WASHINGTON for a time was subdued into real tenderness, and for weeks after the fearful stroke which his own action had drawn upon the father's head, he hung about his chair and his room, learning little offices of charity and kindness, which were unknown to his earlier years. But he wearied of this ; the appetites he had fed so long were stronger than the sudden impulses which quickened a thought of duty. The old man missed him at first, for his heart had warmed toward him as suddenly as his affliction had come. He prated sadly about his absence. But WASHINGTON did not hear, or if he heard, it was easy not to understand his gibberish ; and he only came now at such far away intervals that the father scarce knew his son.

Meantime the trial drew on. Mr. BRAZITT was retained by the QUIDS. He discovered strong points in their case yet. BLIMMER and his evidence were good subjects for his art. He liked to dissect the character of a man who had sold his trust, first to his client, and then, for larger pay, doubtless, to the plaintiffs. It was a pretty scheme for raising funds, in the proprietor of a stagnant township. He thought Blimmersville would not grow under such auspices. He feared he had gone too far. He did n't think the proposed church would save him. He gave a severe cross-questioning to the boy JERRY ; he wished to

know if he had not received little dainties from Mr. BLIMMER ; he wished to know how long he had been in his pay ; he thought it must be a curious office-door, through which so much could be seen and heard ; he was particular about the size of the key-hole.

Then, as regarded the document itself, of which this enterprising village proprietor had effected, as it were, a double sale, there was an extraordinary fact in relation to it, to wit, that the most intimate adviser of Mr. BODGERS had declared the signature a forgery : it was very droll ; indeed, as he would take the liberty of demonstrating to the court, the signature *was* wholly unlike the hand-writing of the deceased gentleman. And it happens naturally enough that the legal adviser of the deceased gentleman at once fastens his suspicions upon his office-clerk as a party to the forgery of the paper. It appeared that the suspected clerk was a suitor for the hand of the legatee, an extraordinary coincidence.

Now, what happens ? The repulsed suitor takes himself out of the way, and says nothing ; but after the conspiracy is ripe between our village proprietor and the Newtown Justice, he suddenly comes back, threatens the amiable Justice with a prosecution, and induces him to change his mind, and to swear that the signature is good.

An Irish boy is suborned to make observations through a key-hole, and swears that a certain will is burnt ; but on arranging stories with the Justice of Newtown, is of opinion that it was not a will, but a copy of a will !

‘ These are certainly extraordinary tales,’ says Mr. BRAZITT. And the attorney goes on to make himself eloquent in defence of his client, against the accusations of fraud ; he recites the charge against him of having paid a large sum of money for the privilege of burning the written copy of a will, and the equally astounding charge of having, with an honesty wholly accidental, placed the alleged true instrument in the hands of the plaintiff.

‘ Never was there a set of stories more absurd,’ says BRAZITT, ‘ enough in themselves surely to throw great discredit upon the instrument, and upon all the parties concerned.

‘ Next,’ continues BRAZITT, ‘ under the supposition — a very extraordinary one, may it please your honors — that this instrument is genuine ; that the deceased gentleman at that precise epoch of time did have a lame arm, which compelled a total change in his style of writing ; that Mr. FLINT did attest it, without once mentioning to the old gentleman the necessity of a second witness ; that Mr. BODGERS did chance to have it in his pocket upon a certain lamentable occasion ; that he did deliver it in form to Mr. BLIMMER ; that Mr. BLIMMER did make a bargain to deliver it to my client ; that my client did, with unheard-of stupidity, make further bargain for the destruction of a copy, and finally deliver the original into the hands of the plaintiff — what is it worth ?

‘ Is it executed according to law ? ’ (in a very solemn tone.) ‘ And if not, do the court propose to make an exception in its favor, in view of the extraordinary net-work of stories — of bargain and sales ; of burn-

ings and key-holes ; of forging and lame arms, which accompanies the verification of this document ?'

And Mr. BRAZITT wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and sat down.

For the FLEMING interest it was urged :

First, in respect to the attesting witness, that his character had been always unimpeachable ; that as he left the country previous to the loss of Mr. BODGERS, there could have been no object in forging the paper in question ; and that furthermore, the allegation of his having been a suitor for the hand of Miss FLEMING was utterly unfounded.

Second, as regarded the discrepancy between the signature to the will and the usual hand-writing of Mr. BODGERS, it was shown by abundant testimony, independent of the subscribing witness, that the deceased gentleman was at the time suffering from a disabled arm ; letters of even later date, under his hand, exhibited the same discrepancy. The testimony of Mr. BIVINS was full in respect to the body of the will, drawn up by him under the advices of Mr. BODGERS, and demonstrating his intentions with respect to the legatee ; and finally, the memoranda produced to the court, and attested by Mrs. DYKE, showed conclusively that he had, at some time not far from the date of his death, caused his will to be drawn up and executed.

Third, with respect to BLIMMER, there could be no doubt of his having been in company with Mr. BODGERS when he was last alive ; a casual notice had appeared in the papers of only the following day, and before concert could have been arranged, that he had received from the deceased commissions of importance. The defendant even did not deny interviews with him upon matters connected with the estate. What were these interviews about, and what could the important commission be, unless the will in hand ? Or, if Mr. QUID did not receive the instrument from that source, whence did he receive it ? If not from Mr. BODGERS himself, whence could BLIMMER have received the will ? And if from BODGERS himself, with what reason could the paper be counted a forgery ?

Fourth, with respect to the execution of the will : The law indeed required two witnesses. There were, however, exceptional cases, in which so-called *nuncupative* wills were sound. Such were the only testaments of mariners dying at sea, or of soldiers on the field of battle.

The spirit of the exception was clear ; indeed the famous statute of Charles the Second's time, for prevention of frauds, and quoted by all law writers, extended the exception in this language ; ' No nuncupative will is good except ' (war cases follow) ' or the party be surprised with sickness on a journey, or from home, and dies without returning to his dwelling.'

The deceased gentleman, in the present instance, had intended — as shown by abundant proof — the actual disposition of the property under the will ; it bore the attestation of an unimpeachable witness. The deceased, as his memorandum shows, was not quite certain if a single witness was sufficient ; he determined to inquire, and if need be,

to supply the deficiency ; he is, however, surprised upon a burning boat ; he has the instrument with him ; he delivers it to a party, (bearing testimony to the fact,) under the solemn avowal that it is his last will and testament ; he, in fact, by that very averment, under the circumstances, made him a witness, and completed in equity the execution of the will.

Day after day the trial drags on. It seems uncertain which way it will turn. Meantime the little village-school, with its choir of voices, goes on joyously. News come down, day after day, from the court, but they do not seem to disturb the quiet mistress of the cottage, where the hum of the children is heard, and where the birds twitter in the vine upon the porch.

It was on a summer evening, after the school had broken up for the day, that the tidings at length came that the case was decided, and decided in favor of the FLEMINGS.

The court had given an order by which immediate recovery of all the BODGERS' property might be made, in the name of the successful party to the suit.

And KITTY was suddenly made rich. Old Mrs. FUDGE, her worthy aunt, paid her a visit of gratulation, and kissed her affectionately, and treated her almost as considerately as she had once treated the SPINDLES. Even the Countess SALLE, from her unknown quarters in the city, sent her card to KITTY, (with a crescent at the top,) wishing her joy, and inviting herself to come and see her ' dear KITTY ' in the summer time, and sending the Count's regards.

HARRY FLINT called to say to Mrs. FLEMING that he was glad of their good fortune ; but he would not accept the old lady's invitation to remain to tea.

Indeed, little BESSIE was very badly ; the fever had left her, but she was feeble. HARRY had grown so weary with watching that he fell asleep that very night with the little girl lying on his shoulder.

It was two hours after when the aunt, who had grown nervously frightened, came in and found him sleeping with the child — dead in his arms.

He was wakened by the cry of the old lady, and was bitterly affected when he knew how it was. He could not tell when the child died. She seemed to have leaned toward him as if to speak ; perhaps she feared to waken him, and so kept silent : — always silent now !

HARRY's heart had twined round that of BESSIE lovingly. A little sister's affections, before they have found range in a home of their own making, warm up wonderfully those of a brother who is battling the world alone. Most of all, when parents are gone ; and when the memory of father, and mother, and fire-side all centre in the one we call sister.

HARRY lifted the hair from the temple of the dead girl, and kissed her, and went out.

When he saw her next she was in white, with a fresh flower in her hand, ready for the coffin. She was lying straightly and stiffly ; had it not been for that one would hardly have thought her dead.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

IN WHICH THE STORY ENDS.

'I CHOOSE not my daughters should be married to earthly, covetous kindred, and of cities and towns of concourse beware: a country life and estate I like best for my children.'—PENN'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

MISS KITTY FLEMING had really forgotten how many friends she had left behind her in the city till the recent decision brought them to mind by cards, and letters, and visits in troops. A vast number of pleasant young ladies, of whom she never expected to hear again in the world, had been 'long waiting for an occasion to write,' and to tell her how dearly they were attached to her, and how very much they missed her from the town circles.

Among the other young people who found a recollection of their old intimacy pleasantly revived by the recent decision of the court was Mr. ADOLPHUS QUID. He set about a speculative comparison of the weazen-faced Miss ARABELLA SPINDLE with the blooming country countenance of my cousin KITTY. He recalled his father's pleasant mention 'that he might do worse.'

Miss SPINDLE thought him less piquant than usual, and expressed herself to the effect 'that he was very slow.'

Mrs. SPINDLE said he was — very.

He turned his mind more and more in the direction of Newtown; and at length — it must have been ten days and more after the decision of the court — he turned his trotter in that direction.

It may be a source of surprise to many that he would have made such a venture. But ADOLPHE was one of those happily-constituted young men — of whom the number is myriad — who never had a doubt of his powers of fascination. He never once questioned the fact of his holding undisputed empire still over the affections of the innocent Miss FLEMING. He had regaled himself not infrequently upon the thought of her misery under his recent neglect; he regarded his present disposition to renew advances as an act of clemency; he looked upon her fortune as a probable and sufficient reward.

Now it happened that just before Mr. QUID drove up gaily to the cottage door where the village school was held, another friend of ours, Mr. HARRY FLINT, had gone in to fulfil certain last commissions, and to make his final adieux before leaving his native town for ever for a home upon the shores of the Pacific.

The commissions were small; among others a little packet that BESSIE had put in his hand the day before her death to be given to KITTY: she said it contained her book of prayer.

It was a sombre interview; for HARRY had not shaken off his grief, and could not; and the sympathy of those he met and with whom he parted was deep and tender. The next day morning he was to leave; he had told them this, and was hurrying the words of parting when Mr. QUID entered.

Mrs. FLEMING, the plain country lady, was sadly embarrassed, and the check of KITTY took on suddenly a deep scarlet tinge.

HARRY FLINT was watchful of this — sadly watchful ; but he assumed a quick composure, and bade them a sudden adieu, mother and daughter, and left the cottage for ever.

The old grievance of the love of KITTY for the stranger from the city flashed upon him anew, and added a pang, it may be, to the grief that shrouded his desolate home. I do not think that he acknowledged this even to himself. I am sure he would have denied it stoutly. But still, through the dark cloud of his home affliction that lay heavy on him, there did flash fitful thoughts of the inconstancy of women, of the vanity of all earthly ties ; and gleams, more fitful still, of the selfish pride with which, and with which only, he would face henceforth the world, and conquer a name, and die !

He did not know that KITTY, trembling, with only the weight of that little Book of Prayer in her hands, withdrew herself suddenly — never to meet him again — from the confident ADOLPHUS. And in her chamber the impatient walk from door to window and from window to door, the eager struggles with a feeling which at length gained mastery and spent itself in tears, told plainly that KITTY, with all her new wealth, and with no dead sister to mourn over, had yet her share of the trials which come some day near to all of us.

KITTY opened the packet : she found between the leaves of the book a withered flower ; she knew it by the faded ribbon that tied the stem. BESSIE had written upon a slip of paper, in pencil, ‘ I send you back a flower which you gave long ago to HARRY. He will be sorry to lose it, but it is not right he should keep it, since all is at an end between you. How I wish it were not so ! ’

KITTY kept the flower in the book, and the slip of paper on which BESSIE had written. And she found comfort in the half-line of BESSIE’S : ‘ He will be sorry to lose it ! ’

When Mr. QUID drove back to town (his trotter never made better time) he tried to think that the pinched face of Miss ARABELLA SPINDLE was, after all, prettier than the sad one of Miss FLEMING ; and he hummed some lines from SHERIDAN (for he was read in the play-writers) about

‘ I NE’ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me.’

Accident detained HARRY FLINT over the next day. No one knew, however, that he had not gone. It is not pleasant to say adieu twice ; he remained throughout the day at the cottage of his aunt.

As night fell, a soft summer’s night, with crimson-tinted clouds hanging late and high upon the sky, he set off to repeat one adieu again. It was no mortal that he sought ; only a leave-taking with the spirit of his dead sister. For this he went to the grave-yard where her body lay. The moon had come up, and threw the shadow of a little corpse of cedars upon the mound. He did not see until he came very near that some one was lingering by the grave.

Sympathy is a very quick bond of the affections, and the heart of HARRY warmed toward the stranger who shared his grief ; nor did he relent when he found in his fellow-mourner his old friend KITTY.

She would have slipped away unnoticed even now if it were possible, for she had come with BESSIE's book in her hand, only to say a prayer at her grave.

But HARRY called after her.

'I thought you were gone,' said she.

HARRY explained that he had been delayed. He was glad, he said, it had happened so, if it were only to learn that there were others who mourned with him.

'I do,' said KITTY, and in a tone so rich and earnest, that HARRY was glad of the twilight to hide the tear which came in his eye blindly.

He thanked her, in a kinder tone than she had heard from him in many a day.

'You go away soon?' said she inquiringly.

'To-morrow;' and added, bitterly, 'there is little to keep me here.'

KITTY trembled; she knew not if it were best to go or to stay. She ventured to say, 'You have friends left among us, HARRY.'

'I have little need of friends now,' returned he, with a proud sorrow in his tone.

'You *have* need of friends,' said KITTY, her girl's heart warming in her, 'we all have need of them.' And, emboldened by her own tone and truth, she told him of what she had found in the book BESSIE had given her, and of what she had written. She could not understand it wholly, nor wholly the distant manner he had guarded so long. She hoped they would be friends always, if it were only in memory of BESSIE.

HARRY's pride was half yielding; but he recovered himself and said, with an easy indifference, (that hurt him keenly,) 'Oh! yes; always friends.' And his foot played idly with the sod upon the grave.

'Good-bye!' said KITTY, 'God bless you always!' and she turned to leave him.

HARRY lifted his eye, and saw that she was earnest and tender in her parting.

He reached out his hand to take hers; he *must* speak.

'KITTY, I could wish to stay, but' — (the thought of the morning and the morning visitor crossed his mind) and he ended abruptly — 'I cannot.'

KITTY turned to leave him, this time with an assured air of womanly dignity, and yet with tenderness in her look. 'Good-bye! HARRY,' repeated she; 'since you go so soon, we shall hardly see you again.'

He was conquered. 'KITTY, can I stay?' said he in a nervous tone.

'For shame, HARRY!' and she said it very meaningly.

'And your visitor of this morning, Mr. —?'

'Well?' (is KITTY growing impudent?)

'Are you to become his wife, KITTY?'

'That is a very strange question,' says KITTY, with eyes wide open; but with a mischievous smile upon her lips that provokes HARRY to ask a stranger question still — if she would become, what he had long dreamed might be, but feared could never happen, his own true wife?

KITTY's eyes were not wide open now, or if they were he could not see it; and in a tone by half less brave than before, she told him he might come for his answer to-morrow.

Here came HARRY's turn to rebel ; and with a quick courage he compelled a reply before they had left the shade of the cedar-copse.

In short, it is my opinion that they went on talking after this in a very absurd manner, and that KITTY presently fell to crying, for no reason in the world.

HARRY went with a light heart to his aunt's home, and he marched straight toward that old lady, looking very melancholy in her trimly plaited mourning-cap, and without one word of warning kissed her between the eyes.

Now HARRY, although he entertained a reasonable affection for the aunt, was not used to such demonstrations as this.

'God bless me !' said the old lady, in surprise, ' what on airth is the matter with the boy ? '

' Well, I'm to be married, aunt PEGGY, that's all ! ' said HARRY.

' For shame, HARRY ! ' said the aunt.

' And you, aunt PEGGY, will come and be our house-keeper.'

' I'll do no such thing, master HARRY ! '

' Tut, tut ! '

' I love you, HARRY,' continued the aunt, ' but your wife ! — no, HARRY, you must live apart from me.'

' Tut, tut, aunt PEGGY ! suppose, now, you were to love her as much or more than myself ? '

' I can't and I sha n't,' said aunt PEGGY, tartly.

' Not if it were — '

' No matter who,' said aunt PEGGY.

' Not if it were little KITTY, your own KIT ? '

' God bless me, HARRY ! is it true ? will you marry KITTY ? '

' I will,' said HARRY.

' And will she marry you ? '

' She says she will,' said he.

' I will go with you, HARRY, wherever you like.'

I do n't think the wedding-cards were sent to the QUIDS, although they are connected with our family ; nor do I think they were sent to the PINKERTONS or the SPINDLES, although Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE suggested it, and thought they might be induced to come.

The two Miss FUDGES came to the reception, and enjoyed it highly. BLIMMER too was there, much to the surprise of Miss JEMIMA ; and he took occasion to remark to Mr. FLINT that in case he thought of changing his residence, one or two highly eligible lots were still left in Blimmersville.

MEHITABEL BIVINS was present, although she had expressed her disapproval of the match, and knew it was a scheme of HARRY FLINT's from the beginning.

Mr. BIVINS had ordered a new coat for the occasion, and flirted, people said, with aunt PEGGY. I do not think this can be true, since I had occasion to observe that old lady seated beside my uncle SOLOMON, who was propped up with pillows in a corner-chair, and trying very hard to comprehend his broken twaddle about ' Miss KITTY and miser FLINT.'

JERRY, by special request of KITTY, was served with an extra-sized box of the wedding-cake, and is, I understand, to be installed as clerk in the office of HARRY FLINT, attorney-at-law. I am happy to observe, indeed, that this gentleman, unlike many who marry fortunes, has not given up his profession, or his disposition to work.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTEE.

IN WHICH TONY FUDGE TAKES HIS LEAVE.

'Hoc sit premium in preceptis meis, ut demonstremus quem imitemur.'—CICERO.
(*Crassus loquens.*)

Among all these personages I have tried to show whose course was best worth following.—*Translation, by TONY FUDGE.*

It is now about two years since I completed the foregoing record and commenced its publication in that respectable old journal, the KNICKER-BOCKER Magazine. I have only a few observations to add. My health remains good, and I am, I fear, as susceptible to the influences of pretty women as I ever was in my life. I do not *think* that I appear any older.

The Count SALLE lives, I scarce know where; but it must be in a retired quarter; and there are hints that he maintains himself and wife by improper practices; gambling is spoken of. I know nothing of it. I should say he was not a man for a family to boast of.

Mr. PINKERTON has failed, but occupies his old house. His wife is understood to be rich.

Mr. JENKINS, to whom I have casually alluded, continues to give suppers at his house in Paris, where he has decoyed a large number of the reduced French gentry. There was a report that he had succeeded in making an engagement of his daughter to a Count some body who was in straitened circumstances, but of one of the *very first* old families in France. I hope it is true.

Mr. QUID, senior, through the influence of BRAZITT, has now a cheerful place in the 'Customs,' though I fear that, being a 'Soft,' he may lose it.

Mr. BLIMMER, still retaining his old interest and enthusiasm for Blimmersville, has, I learn, made proposals to MEHITABLE BIVINS, and been accepted.

How oddly, to be sure, her long nose will look under a bridal-hat! I hope when she comes to have children of her own—if she ever has any—that she will show a little more charity to those of other people.

As for my aunt SOLOMON, she frets in her extravagant way still: frets about the PINKERTONS' living upon money which they owe; frets about the Count SALLE, who is undutiful, and does not show her as much attention as a son-in-law should. She frets about WILHELMINA, who dresses shabbily, and makes no effort to avail herself of the distinguished connection she has formed. She lays the blame of her own failure upon the drivelling old man, whose mind is now beyond the reach of her gibes. 'If she could have managed the property, as she managed her household,' she is accustomed to say, 'things would have been different.'

Perhaps they would.

As for the old gentleman himself, his cravat is not so tidy as it used

to be when he sat over his office table in the Wall-street bank, turning his gold-bowed spectacles end for end.

He sometimes mumbles out an observation or two about the 'Dau-phin stock' and the 'dips,' but less often than formerly. He is grown much quieter. The physician says he is failing. I see him sometimes hobbling about the street on my drives into that neighborhood, dragging his paralytic limb after him, and looking very vacantly upon the faces he meets. No body stands in awe of him now.

He insists upon going every Sunday to the parish church, though aunt PHOEBE objects to the noise he makes in clattering up the aisle. I am told too that he makes stammering efforts to say after the clergyman, '*We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us.*' His feeble mind cannot follow any farther, but he bows his head reverentially to the end. Mrs. FUDGE too repeats this portion of the service very emphatically, to prevent listeners from catching the stammering voice of the old man.

There are people who think she might have a better reason.

WASHINGTON holds some position in connection with one of the down-town theatres, and has generously, on one or two occasions favored me with tickets on nights of benefit. I cannot learn that he visits now either the SPINDLES or the JONESES. He is, however, still unmarried.

It is doubtful, I sometimes think, if I ever marry myself. If not, the FUDGE name will very likely expire with this generation. But I am happy in being able to state with confidence that a vigorous branch of our connection (though remote) is growing up in the country.

FLINT is the name.

Mrs. FLINT is as pretty a mother as you will often see. She looks something older, to be sure, than she did two years since; but I do not object to a look of that sort when there are young people in the house.

As for HARRY — I call him HARRY in a cousinly way — he is a lad in all his feelings still.

I sometimes go out to take tea at his cottage. I cannot deny that it makes me melancholy to see his bright, cheerful face over against the blooming one of KITTY. I scarce know why.

Then there is a little fellow with a bib around his throat, who sits in a high chair over opposite to me, and who seems to shake a warning at me every time he lifts his dimpled fist. They call him TRUMAN; and judging from the attentions they show him, he seems as much a visitor as myself. However, I am not jealous.

They have promised to name their next boy after me. I hope he will make his appearance upon the theatre of the world sooner than the Blimmersville church. Indeed, I think he will.

I have promised to leave him my estate, consisting mainly of a share in the Society Library, a copy of Smollett's novels, and a pair of silver-mounted razors.

I wish I could leave the little fellow the cool philosophy with which I have witnessed these changes, and seen the vain pursuit of fashion recoil upon itself, and steady-working honesty prove its own reward.

This last, by the by, is the best American legacy a man can inherit. At least, that is my opinion.

THE END.

L A S T O F T H E S U M M E R D A Y S .

LAST of the summer days!
Slow floating toward the west,
Like genial parting guest,
Who brightest seems and best
 To farewell gaze!

Last of the summer days!
Thy soft ambrosial hours,
All redolent of flowers;
Thy sky, that tempered with no showers
 The sun's broad blaze:

All merged in ev'ning now,
Last of the summer days!
Thy latest breathing plays
Faintly o'er vines and linden sprays,
 And aspen's whisp'ring bough!

Last of the summer days!
How have the swift-winged throng,
Thy kindred, swept along,
With mirthful carol, tend'rest song —
 A mingled maze

Of light and flitting shade,
Of lily and of rose,
Of happy pensiveness, that goes
To muse where Nature grows
 More sweet and less afraid!

In these secluded dells
The blithe bird flies more near,
And pipes a welcome loud and clear,
While all the life that thickens here
 Of keen enjoyment tells!

Last of the summer days!
Such were thy brethren's looks,
And such their tones in woods and brooks,
Their smiles and nods in shady nooks,
 Their noonday gaze!

And now, with buskined foot
And sober mien, the calmer Autumn comes;
Still, summer-like, the wild bee hums;
Not yet in copses dense the partridge drums,
 Nor round the twisted root

Of forest tree the red leaves clust'ring lie;
And still a golden-tinted haze
Wraps the horizon's distant ways:
Naught to the vision yet betrays
 That summer hath gone by!

So fleets Life's summer, like the empurpled wing
 Of this bright season, from our wishful gaze;
 And Autumn cometh with its chastened rays.
 Like this glide onward all our summer days,
 And such sweet lessons bring!

August 31st, 1854.

WM. W. MORLAND.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER FOURTH.

AMONG the best known of the members of my company was O'G —, whose christened appellation coincided with that of the patron saint of the isle of his nativity. From the instant the service became so highly honored as to obtain his entry into it he proved as fruitful a source of discomfort to his best friends as to his mortal enemies. I well recollect with what a flourish he entered the depot for troops, preparatory to our embarkation for the land of promise; that country where a pugnacious spirit would not for its gratification be under the necessity of trailing his coat to induce a *mêlée*, as at Donnybrook Fair in the olden time.

Two men entered the fort late at night, heavily laden with trunks, carpet-bags, and a huge valise, all of which, pursuant to the authoritative mandate of a foreign-looking gentleman, they dumped into a corner, picked up the coin tossed to them, and left.

Foreign the stranger was beyond the remotest shadow of a doubt; for, in addition to the stiff hirsute appendage which, like a brush made from the bristles of the whitest of the porcine race, projected from his upper lip, his accent smacked of the turf of what the natives thereof delight to term the 'land of the ready heart and the flashing blade.' He administered several hearty rebukes upon such of his compatriots as manifested an undue degree of curiosity; but, to the infinite diversion of the by-standers, themselves soldiers whom he for the first time then saw, all his rebuffs recoiled upon his own head with ten-fold force.

It was one of the most frigid nights of December, and the keen atmosphere had crystallized the brooks and ponds into glass, firm as marble, and the frost-winged gale rendered an out-door sojourn any thing but a matter of pleasure; nay, so intensely acute was the cold that the sentinels, dropping the usual dignity of their office, trotted and cantered back and forth to keep the sluggish blood in circulation; while in-doors, to generate caloric, fagots were heaped up, yet hardly kept the temperature above the freezing point. The travelled individual had registered his name in a bold, dashing hand, hotel-fashion, which sign-manual duly enlisted him as a warrior for an indefinite term, when he turned up his nose at an angle of more than seventy degrees, declared that the effluvia of the crowded sleeping-room was highly offensive, and the coarse food unfit for a savage, at which damnable heresies there arose a

great uproar. Such a speech was calculated to raise a mutiny, and it almost led to a justifiable homicide as the enraged orderly-sergeant defended the honor of sour bread and fat pork ; but when the fomenter of discord set the outer door of the dormitory wide open and admitted the searching blast the out-cry became general.

‘What ! lave my mother and a feather-bed to slape on straw — and sich straw ! Och, my !’

‘If you don’t like your bunk, you can sleep on the soft side of a plank,’ answered a provoking corporal.

‘Not for the commander of all the foources. Where’s the liftinant who ’listed me ? I’ll complain to him, so I will, for sich purty threatment to a gintleman. Ye ! ye !’

‘Take him to the guard-house !’ roared the enraged orderly. To that receptacle for culprits the disobedient person in black was straightway lugged, though not with his entire approbation nor tame submission ; for all the way, as his captors scuffled along with him over the frozen ground and ice, he reared, kicked, and plunged to free himself, vainly calling upon the name of his supposed friend the recruiting officer. As we afterward learned, he soon became the very life of the guard-house by his jollity, his rage and appetite having subsided ; and he so ingratiated himself into the affections of the men there stationed that when a permit for his release arrived none was willing that he should leave. His jocular manner and almost inexhaustible supply of songs and roof-splitting recitals, and his ludicrous way of telling and doing every thing completely captivated his auditors, and materially abbreviated the tedium of night. So great was the noise raised by his quintessence of humor, his whimsicalities, his inimitable ballads, that the officer of the day was obliged to send an order for silence ; and some people who resided half a mile from the fort the next day deposed to their belief that there had been some out-break in the night among the troops, and all agreed that if the military guard were keepers of the public peace, they, at all events, did not keep it in the guard-house. From that time Mr. P. O’G — was quite a popular favorite with his fellows, an attachment that was by no means impeded in its growth by his generous prodigality. Among those whom he particularly fancied he parted his raiment, of which he had a replete wardrobe in his trunks, carpet-bags, and valise, amply sufficient to decently attire half a score ; and so pleased were a couple of recruits with the genteel citizen-dress that one dark night, on the strength of it they doffed the livery of war and retired into private life.

Not to seem to deprive the newly-fledged soldiery of all their municipal rights at one fell swoop, the encroachment was gradually tapered off from the full enjoyments of the privileges of civil life ; and a new system of rewards and punishments was laid open to them, eventuating in strict discipline. First came the actual mustering into service, during which process the commander informed the *gentlemen* that in becoming soldiers they did not put off the citizen — a pleasant fiction, inasmuch as the soldier does too often put off the citizen ; then, in a strain of apparently unmingled fervid patriotism, he continued his address until the trap was sprung, and actual service began in earnest. Then his

stern voice came back, and with a cold, formal wave of the hand, he said: 'Now, *soldiers*, to your duties!' The last civic right which remained inviolate was the elective franchise, as far as went the designation of non-commissioned officers; and even that remained intact but for a week or two. By an almost unanimous vote of his constituency, O'G — was returned as one of the duty-sergeants, though no more qualified for the post than for that of minister plenipotentiary. The farce of election was soon entirely disregarded, he by a summary proceeding reduced to the ranks, and his *cherrons* transferred to the sleeves of one more competent. His proneness to egregious blunders, and wit, and comicality, which flowed from him like a natural spring and bubbled and frothed out at each word, made him at each ebullition the observed of all with whom he came in contact. Yet few more really accomplished men took the goose-step than himself, with all his oddities. With a university education, the heir expectant of a wealthy, infirm collateral ancestor, he was the erratic darling of his maternal parent. Having come into possession of worldly pelf to the snug amount of three hundred pounds sterling, he left his mother and a feather-bed to seek his fortune in 'perfidious Albion;' but, as ill fortune would have it, a witch in angel form caught and arrested his attention. He pursued the *ignis fatuus* on board of an American-bound steam-ship, taking it as a tacit arrangement for him to go along; and although the fair inamorata paid no attention to him on the passage, he ascribed that to modesty and sea-sickness; and he did not come to his senses until the steamer reached her dock, and a bold British officer claimed the lady as his wife.

A volatile disposition led O'G — into the society of divers gay fellows, who relieved him of the care of any superfluous cash, and in three months he was as penniless a private as ever embarked on foreign service — the most glorious service imaginable, say the recruiting-agents. He used to console himself with the idea that he had severed all connection with and allegiance to the government which makes it a capital felony to imagine the death of the queen, a penalty which he patriotically had incurred several times at repeal-meetings, and whose laws deem it as criminal to deface the coin of the realm as to deface the figure-heads of her majesty's subjects.

During the circumvallation of Vera Cruz our hero was daily guilty of so many enormities that he kept his officers continually in hot water. His thoughtlessness made him far more dangerous to his allies than to his foes; for on a patrol or a picket-guard, when a sneeze was not so much as to be thought of, he would titillate all near him, until secrecy, the life of war, was completely set at defiance. Nor was that all. We were at one time practising light-infantry movements, and had come to a kneeling position, each piece levelled at imaginary foes in the chaparral. I walked in front of the line to correct any inaccuracy of aim or handling, when bang went the musket of O'G —, the ball barely clearing my person. That narrow escape of a curtailment of my proper dimensions impressed me with the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on the blunderer who anticipated the order to fire.

One day found me doing duty as senior officer of the guard. Not a

little inclined to 'magnify mine office,' after my then recent release from the thraldom of student-life, to slide into the command of above eighty good men and true, I exerted myself to the utmost to so enforce discipline, that no discredit could in any way alight upon us. Each button-hole was closed, each chin-strap in its place, the belts finely pipe-clayed, and brasses shining their brightest. Random shots occasionally hovered and sang over-head, but they were the smallest of the troubles that assailed me. Of the sprinkling of Hibernians who amply exercised all the patience of their officers, no one could, for downright moral turpitude, compare with the black-muzzled John McD——. What was to be done with him? That question had been asked and answered so often that some extraordinary medicine was found to be necessary in order to affect his moral health; for his roguery was deep-seated in his blood, and in the marrow of his bones, and no gentle prescription ever satisfied him. That ingenious mode of torture, the buck-and-gag, had been set at naught by the most incorrigible of offenders. He seemed rather to like it, shocking as from a description of it that punishment may seem. The hands were tightly lashed together by a cord, and the culprit compelled to sit on the ground; then the tied arms were extended over the knees and kept in that position by a long stick run through between the back of the knees and the arms; then a bayonet was forced athwart his capacious jaws between the teeth, expanding the liberal natural dimensions of his beautiful open countenance, and the cold iron was kept tightly wedged in and secured by another cord back of the head. Dear me! that mouth was stretched until the corners nearly touched the bright-red ears; and then he grimaced like one of the most grotesque idols of pagan worship, smiling as in scorn. For about twenty-four hours he was thus exhibited on the parade-ground, a time sufficient to quell any less rebellious heart, or to kill any weak-framed man. With some there is no truth but bodily sensation, but he lightly regarded all corporeal suffering. Might not homœopathic treatment effect a change when other means had failed? It was an experiment. The refractory fellow appeared, wondering what was in store for him.

'McD——, any infraction of duty this day will be visited heartily upon the head of the wrong-doer. I am going to appoint a lance-corporal, to take the place of one who is sick, and orders shall be obeyed. Do you understand, Sir?'

He did not see the drift of my remarks; but presently the scales fell from his eyes, and his gruff, dogged look left him.

'I am going to appoint a man who can materially aid me. John, you are lance-corporal for this tour.'

He was so elated at the unlooked-for promotion as to be half beside himself; and to make one redeeming exception in the auto-biography of a confirmed ruffian, he was the most vigilant of all the guard. The sentinels were posted, while all the men who were not busy were stationed in a cane-built rancho, to be ready at an instant's warning to turn out. The cooks having built their fires, soon many huge pots were simmering, and the steam of coffee and savory viands regaled our nostrils. Just as the soup had been dealt out, and the attack commenced

with spoon-exercise, notice was given of the approach of a general-officer. Ere the dignitary had doubled the sand-hill which hid him from us our ranks were formed, and at the proper moment he was received by presenting arms. There could be no mistaking that form ; it was Gen. Scott. As the cavalcade halted in front of our line we felt that there was no cause to blush for the appearance, drill, and appointments of the guard. With his usual dignified suavity the general-in-chief acknowledged our salute ; and as his scrutinizing eye ran over the ranks, he propounded several questions in a kind tone of voice. How gratifying it was to observe the smile that lit his cheek ! for vanity said that he was well pleased. With a compliment which more than confirmed my self-gratulations, he touched his cap, and on moved the procession, to catch my next neighbor napping. I turned to the ranks to dismiss them. Did my eyes play me false ? Some seconds of time were consumed in solving the question. Like so many statues stood the men, in erect military attitude. From about the centre of the front rank ascended a convulsion of what seemed like smoke, and the servant of Sir Walter Raleigh was not more surprised when he saluted with a bucket of water his smoking master than was I to see the spiral columns of vapor. It was steam rising from the left side of O'G —. His right hand held the musket ; and, apparently unconscious of fault, his left hand sustained a hot soup-can. At the order to shoulder arms he dexterously transposed his burdens. With a single exception the guard were dismissed, and the object of our disgrace was pointed out. Instantaneously the burning thought darted into his feathery brain and stole away his speech and breath. His jaws unceremoniously parted company, and in rueful contemplation he stood, like one entranced, expecting the speedy vengeance of the law. The 'Iron Juke' had shot more than one of his men for far less an infraction of etiquette than that, as O'G — well knew from novels. Expostulations were idle. All felt the shame, and a victim was demanded. A thirty-two-pound cannon-ball had been rudely hurled into our camp, and now lay half-buried in the earth. The offender was instructed to put that into his knapsack, to sling the latter on his back, and so remain until further orders. Precept failing, example — as rigorous chastisement is called in the army — was the only alternative for the preservation of rule.

The half-ruined rancho afforded a most grateful retreat from the fierceness of the solar orb ; and its larger compartment was hung round with the extra trappings of the men who beguiled the time in song and pleasant chat. The voice of O'G — was easily distinguished, as he trolled out a lilt, and the others caught up the refrain. It almost disarmed me of anger to listen to him, and, but for the necessity of discipline, further punishment should have been remitted ; for did it not show that his was not a revengeful disposition tormenting and corroding, as the Toledo frets its sheath ? I looked into the place from which proceeded shrieks of merriment, as the listeners held their sides to keep them from splitting. There was O'G — the radiating centre of a circle of pleasant faces ; a fixed centre, too ; for he had anchored himself on a bench, having, however, first taken the precaution to loosen the straps of his knapsack, so that the whole weight might rest on the

seat. If my anger had been mollified before it now rose to fever-heat. He respectfully answered my interrogatory by stating that he had only obeyed orders. So he had to the letter, but not to the spirit; and he farther excused himself as he did not belong to the *standing* army. The assiduous lance-corporal, who permitted no violation of duty in any one else, came in bearing a ball much heavier than the first.

‘But, Sir, I obeyed orders.’

‘So you did. Now continue your fidelity to the service by putting that additional token of favor into your knapsack. Take your musket; go on post.’

His incorrigibility was superlatively annoying. Two hours elapsed without a murmur from him, as he stalked about in the broiling sun. His will was strong, and his muscles like iron. Another hour rolled on without his indomitable spirit giving way, and he declined all intervention to procure his release from duress, although a single word would have accomplished it. Attracted by the protuberant spectacle, the major of our corps rode up. A sergeant briefly explained matters. The major, with a malison upon the offender’s head, thought the punishment altogether too light; and not long after the lieutenant-colonel showing himself, heard from the culprit his own version of the tale, became highly incensed thereat, and told him that he ought to be hanged. The meridian was past, and O’G —— was almost fried out, yet no one could infer from his leisurely, careless gait that he was in tribulation.

‘Well, O’G ——, you have probably been sufficiently admonished to make you more particular in future. You have brought upon yourself exposure and fatigue.’

‘Fatigue, is it, Sir? Sure this is only a light bit of walking. Hope we ’ll have no worse in taking yonder hills.’

‘Since you like it so much you may try another hour or so; after which, sergeant, you will release him.’

‘Very well, Sir,’ said the wag of a prisoner.

The next morning Major General P —— received, among many other documents and epistles, one which from its remarkably beautiful calligraphy engaged his immediate notice. The signature afforded no clue to its contents. The language of the missive was polished and its tenor highly respectful, forcibly and eloquently penned. It set forth that the memorialist had, as he humbly conceived, received at the hands of divers persons by him alluded to, including two certain field officers and one officer of the line, grievous wrongs, contrary to the usages and customs of civilized nations; that when appealed to, the said parties, unmindful of justice, replied harshly, making use of highly demoralizing expressions, thus encouraging a spirit of insubordination; and it concluded with a prayer for relief, and an invocation to the shade of Justice.

It was thought to be an ingenious device of some sharp-witted fellow to bring himself into notice, perhaps to attain an appointment where his abilities could be appreciated and remunerated; and, whether intentional or not, no investigation was ever made of the wrongs complained of.

W. H. BROWNE.

Some Small Poems.

THE GOAT-HERD.

I.

'OLD mother ZANETTE, I, JACQUES, am bold;
But the Alps last night a storm foretold:
Go you with the herd; I'll stay by the fold.'

II.

Up the slope with her goats and her goad she crawls;
Loudly she sings when the dark torrent brawls;
Loudly she laughs when the avalanche falls!

III.

'I'll eat up the curds — no! I'll waken ISELLE;
My cousin ISELLE; she shall come and tell
Old Lauter-brun's legend — 'The Devil's Bell!'

IV.

'I heard her tell it when HANAU came,
The Heidelberg inn with a bookish fame:
Our chamois hunters laughed him to shame!

V.

'I'll creep to her door, and take a sly peep
At 'The Rose of the Alps' when folded in sleep:
Why lies she a-dreaming, and why does she weep?

VI.

'Some day, old mother, under the thatch
She'll leave you alone! look to the latch:
I'll go for the goats; the lamb is your match.'

I.

ON this lone moor I rest at last;
Beyond I see the craggy hills;
I hear the whirr of distant mills,
And feel the bitter autumn blast.

II.

'T was summer-time but yesterday:
I walked within my garden bowers,
And plucked a crown of bridal flowers
To bind the locks that now are gray.

III.

I heard in dreams the sweet joy-bells:
I woke to see a woman pale
Tear apart my bridal veil,
With flaming eyes and hideous yells!

IV.

I stole away through wood, and lane,
Fled from his love, and from her hate,
For both had made me desolate;
But could not flee this cruel pain!

V.

This silent moor, this starless sky,
Hide me from them. If I could sleep,
Or if my grief would let me weep,
I still might live; but now I die!

I.

O friend! begin a loftier song!
Confusion falls upon your mind,
A sense of evil makes you blind:
'What use,' you say, 'is it to be?
I know not God, God knows not me!'

II.

O friend! begin a loftier song!
In other minds you place no trust:
You tread your laurels in the dust:
You see no Future: Hope has fled:
Youth had its dreams, but Youth is dead!

III.

O friend! begin a loftier song!
'The sweet ideal of past years
Speaks in my songs, they are my tears:
I'll weep no more, I'll sing no lays
To bury Youth, for idle praise!'

IV.

O friend! begin a loftier song!
Come through the gate-way of the Past,
Dear friend! The world will hear at last
The little songs the poets sing:
Do thou with anthems make it ring!

IN HIS CUPS

I.

In this little tavern that stands by the Rhine,
On its gables a cross, on its walls a vine,
I sing old songs, and I drink new wine,
Till I think I'm a lord — the last of my line!

II.

I'll sin like a lord: little saints, have a care!
Is it darling PEPITA I hear on the stair?
Come, serpent! twine up the coil of your hair;
I wait for your kisses, and hell I dare!

III.

Hasten, PEPITA! I see the old friar
 In the shade of the pines, or I'm a liar.
 Out on him, PEP! drag his gown in the mire,
 While I burn in PEPITA's breath of fire!

I.

I've lost the love I thought so sure:
 Why did I forget that men would lie?
 The beauty is gone that was the lure,
 And there's nothing left but to die, to die!

II.

You talk about duty, you talk about sin;
 God made me to love him, I love, I love;
 And must, if I meet him in Heaven above,
 Or bound in the round of Hell's din, Hell's din!

III.

Madam! are you speaking with scorn?
 Is it holy to be high-born, high-born?
 Look you, woman! in my child's face,
 In his veins is the blood of your race, your race!

IV.

Your jewels are fine; but this pure pearl
 You'd rather have, proud earl, proud earl!
 For a childless wife sleeps by your side,
 Giving no crown to your pride, your pride!

THE BEGGAR BOY

I.

HARK! my NELLY: 't is thy WILLY!
 I have brought thee a white lily;
 Take it, darling! 't is not wrong.
 Listen to me — hear this song.

II.

See the glow-worms! little moons!
 In the roses, granting boons
 To each other! Here I wait,
 Little NELL, to know my fate.

III.

By thy window I shall sing
 Till I hear thee say: 'I'll cling
 To thee ever, O sweet WILLY!
 Here's my soul, a whiter lily!'

E. D. B. S.

F A U L T - F I N D I N G .

BY SYLVIA.

'THERE is an evil under the sun, and it is common among men.' The evil pervades all ranks of society; men and women are tainted with it; and all, whatsoever their condition, feel more or less of its effects. Though using no stronger weapon than words, it reaches every thing it is intended to affect; and all things beautiful or lovely in character, speech, or art, whether the first be pure and of good report, the second full of eloquence, and the last faultless as heaven-born genius can make it, yield to the influence of the evil that discovers faults, and renders them more marked than all things else. The evil, too, is twin-born with the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, and since that time has been the sin most easily besetting our humanity. It steals upon us unawares; we learn it of our elders in childhood, and it is the easiest lesson we ever learn. As we journey through life, a thousand trivial circumstances further develop and strengthen the propensity to commit it — the universal sin of fault-finding. In another, the sin is displeasing, and we instinctively shun the one most guilty of it; but disappointment, dislike, envy, and uncharitableness will make us as censurable as they are. None of us can escape the confession that we indulge too much and too often in fault-finding.

We are beings variously constituted — no two of the human species being in all respects alike. The mind is different in each individual; the affections rise or fall in an infinite scale, and HEAVEN in its wisdom has fixed the destiny of each by fixed and unchangeable laws. The eye of one takes in fuller views of beauty and magnificence; the ear of another is so exquisitely attuned that it imbibes the fullest measures of harmony; and a third has all the senses so refined, the thoughts so elevated, the mind so capacious, that he can realize all the wondrous beauties our FATHER has displayed in the skies above us, and thrown with lavish profusion on the myriad forms of earth. To him these things are

—— 'A JOY for ever;
 Their loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for him, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.'

Strange it is that from this infinite variety of the mental, moral, and physical world there should arise discord. But mingled with this beauty there are many imperfections. The painter fails to embody on canvas his glowing conceptions; the poet finds words too feeble for his ecstatic thoughts, and the same imperfections pervade all that belongs to man. There are imperfections of talents and vagaries of genius; defects of taste and skill, feebleness of conception, and weakness in effort. None are all good, and how many failings have not the best

of men! The finest natures have sometimes commingled the most of earthiness; and those who surround us, the longest known and the best loved, it may be, come very far short of what our inmost souls desire. They are selfish, or perhaps proud; frequent intercourse with them has let in light through many a moral rent upon their true characters; they cease to excite our admiration for their words and actions, which they once did, or we no longer love them because they have unwittingly or wilfully poisoned the sweet charities of life; and we whose spirits have been chafed by their imperfections, vent our grief and displeasure in finding fault.

Fault-finders are easily divided in three classes. First, the occasional; second, the professed; third, the inveterate. The first of these classes comprises by far the largest number of fault-finders, and they are those who are well aware of the evil they indulge in, but have not the firm self-control to check it always. There are times in the life even of the most amiable and forgiving when daily trials and petty vexations disturb the wonted serenity of temper; and at such times the memory will be busy in recalling forgotten faults; the mind dwells on imperfections of character which but for trials and temptations had never been thought of. Then it is the good man and the mildest-tempered woman will utter sharp words, and make still more cutting reflections. Faults very trivial indeed counterbalance every excellence of character, and if the object of displeasure does not feel convicted, it is not because words and actions and acerbity of feeling have not all combined to prove how much the real or fancied faults of the offenders have occupied our thoughts. In better moments such feelings never ruffle the serenity of our dispositions, nor such cutting language escapes the lips. Charity ought to cover a multitude of sins, and love should effectually correct many a fault.

The sole object and aim of professional fault-finders seem to be to carp at, sneer at, and deride the efforts of all others but themselves. Nothing that another does ever suits them, though for themselves they claim the mildest judgment. If an act of charity is done, such as HEAVEN dictates and approves, they discover some improper motive in its bestowal. If a painter like Allston or a sculptor like Powers exhibit their work, their penetrating vision can detect a hundred faults. If a neighbor or a friend produce something worthy of praise, they are the first to ridicule its merits and expose its weakness. If one is the parent of an original thought, they confidently assert its borrowed origin; and if he give an invention to the world, they pronounce it overrated in its usefulness and importance. If a good book is written, they call it stupid; and if a great man claim our veneration, they wonder how such a man gained so much influence, and what there is really in his character to respect. They never saw any thing or heard of any thing, and very much doubt if any one else ever did. Call their attention to a landscape, with its sleeping valleys and quiet plains, its sunny hill-tops and its placid river, like a silvery thread, binding all together in one radiant scene of beauty; and they can only see in it all an aggregation of defects. Tell them that some poor unfortunate, sorely tempted, has been guilty of a very great sin, extorting from all the

deepest and most heart-felt pity, and the professional fault-finder will be compassionate too. It is lamentable that any one should do this thing ; it is passing strange that any child, woman, or man should be weak enough to yield to temptation. The erring ought certainly to be more virtuous ; they should have reflected much on the consequences of doing wrong and going astray ; and the delinquent has impressed on his or her memory that though the sin is great, the sinner is far greater. And so this class go through life finding fault. They are themselves not unhappy persons, nor viciously inclined to bring unhappiness on others. They are fond of drawing comparisons, and sometimes do good by their unsparing exposure of faults ; but who does not dislike them, and dread the unfeelingness with which they treat you to a recital, it may be, of your own short-comings, or to a lengthened detail of the failings of every one with whom you are acquainted ?

But of all unhappy persons, the inveterate, perverse fault-finders are the most wretched ; nor unfortunately are they by any means few. They are often met with, and some of us, perhaps all of us, have come in contact with them, either in a friend or in a relative ; at home or abroad ; and everywhere they pursue their ill destiny — to find unceasing, unwearying fault. Their minds are always anxious ; nothing with them goes right. Trouble, misfortune, and woe are their portion in life. The weather is never to their liking ; to-day it is too hot ; to-morrow it will be too cold ; and the succeeding day will be neither hot nor cold, and they wish it was either one thing or the other. The wind is for ever rudely blowing dust in their eyes, and in their sore distress they believe the wind was made for no other purpose than to cause them discomfort. To-day it is horridly rainy, or it is too bright ; the skies are too clear, or the clouds too gloomy and lowering. That old scape-goat, the weather, never did and never will please them ; the sun never shines according to their notions of sunshine ; and they console themselves, if such poor, afflicted, tormented people are ever consoled, that in their young days the hours flew by on fairy wings, and all was beautiful, serene, and bright. Neither within nor without are they at ease ; for in addition to their other causes of complaint, they are generally walking hospitals, carrying about with them ‘all the ills that flesh is heir to.’ Now it is the head that is at fault ; no one else is troubled with such poor weak heads as they have. Or if the head is for once sound, the body is racked with grievous pains. They delight in miseries, and can tell who is sick, who is dead, and who are dying, and can enumerate in the dolefullest of tones how many of their friends like themselves are afflicted. This one has the rheumatism, because he would sit in a damp place ; another will certainly die with consumption, because he neglected the advice of some amateur physician ; and a neighbor’s children have got the mumps or measles, because they played with John Smith’s, round the corner. If an acquaintance become ill, it serves him right ; he had no business to get sick ; if he escape the affliction, he ought to be sick a week or so, that he might learn to prize more highly than he does the blessings of health ; but should he die, he might have lived longer, had his physician been more skillful, or his nurse more careful ; every thing was done wrongly and poorly ; this potion was wrong, and that draught useless.

It is at home, however, when surrounded by those who patiently endure the miseries they cannot avoid, that the inveterate fault-finders display their most perverse habits. Self-interest, politeness, and a certain amount of affability which the world demands shall belong to the intercourse of men, will restrain the too frequent manifestation of it in society ; but when the world is shut out, and evening calls the loved ones from their tasks to find a resting-place, a solace for every care, a balm for every sorrow, in the resort

‘OF love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss,’

then is heard in all its bitterness the complaining of a spirit which cannot be soothed, and will not rest. Even childhood to such an one is full of faults, and these are commented on so often and so much that one wonders if all the stories told of childish innocence are not fabulous, having no existence except in the indulgent imaginations of fond fathers and affection-blinded mothers. Hear the failings of children discussed, and you would fain believe them to be miniature editions of wickedness, over whom it was necessary to keep at all times a lynx-eyed watchfulness and a thoroughly-drilled power of scolding, lest the little innocents should do any wrong. Would that the influence of this class of people upon children could be told ; how their mirthfulness is repressed ; the sun-shine of their nature clouded ; their affections alienated ; and they made prematurely selfish and unfeeling. But this is a topic of itself, demanding more than a passing allusion.

As the perverse fault-finder judges harshly and unsparingly his own household, so he condemns all with whom he associates. None so eager to detect a fault, none so ready to sneer at the unfortunate as he. The erring is seldom encouraged by his kind look or sympathetic tear ; the admonition to ‘deal kindly with their brother man’ is meaningless, and the angel who blots out with a tear their own and a brother’s failings, a myth. Their prime belief is, whatever exists is wrong, and HEAVEN, in its wisdom, made nothing good. Whether looking into the calm blue skies, or over the beautiful earth ; whether feasting their eyes with the beauty and sublimity of a Creator’s hand, or filling their ears with the rich minstrelsy ascending day and night from all the animate forms of earth ; whether mingling with their fellows in the broad thoroughfares of life, or in the sacred precincts of home, the dearest of earth’s sanctuaries, they see written over all, in ineffaceable characters, ‘Imperfection.’

Fault-finding, like every other evil, meets with its own reward. An habitual fault-finder is a person to be dreaded ; we may tolerate, but can never esteem him. He is shunned by all who prefer the sun-shine of a good nature to the gloominess and disquietude of an unquiet spirit. In society we avoid him as we would a pestilence ; not even the most charitable care to listen to the speech of him whose mind is soured and dwarfed by dwelling too much on forbidden subjects. Who can tell how much of disaffection and how many estrangements he causes ; how many young minds he has embittered ; how much purity of charac-

ter he has destroyed ; and how many innocent natures he has made precociously learned in evil ?

Once there lived among men a perfect MODEL of character, tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. During HIS stay upon earth HE was never known to speak harshly of the failings of men ; but over their follies was often seen to weep. For the erring HE had the profoundest sorrow ; for the deeply guilty HE had words of pardon, to 'go and sin no more.' Children HE loved, and made the angels in heaven their guardian spirits. Full of sorrows and acquainted with grief, yet no complaints escaped HIS lips. By precept and example HE taught men to love each other as they loved themselves ; to lay aside 'all envy, all uncharitableness, and all evil speaking ;' to become charitable and forgiving ; to treasure in the sacredest recesses of memory the good others did : but to write the injuries received, in the sand. For the erring HE instructed them to have compassion ; for the fallen a tear ; for the weak a supporting hand ; and for the wanderer a guiding finger. HE bade them always remember their proneness to error, and never, so long as they felt the weakness of all human resolutions, were they to forget

'OFF unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness
Had been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.'

H O P E .

HOPE is a STAR, which to spirit bowed
Is only hid in a transient cloud.
It twinkles as brightly there unseen
As when Life's leaflets were fresh and green ;
And it lines that cloud with a silvery hue,
Which gilds the world we are passing through.

Hope is a FLOWER, whose seed was given
To mortal man by a FRIEND from heaven,
And HE who its tints and fragrance gives
Imparts the spirit by which it lives.
Oh ! blest the man who has will and powers
To bind his brow with those precious flowers !

Hope is a TEAR from an angel's eye,
As it bends o'er our grief from its home on high,
And the glistening gem is endowed the same,
By the pure bright SPIRIT from whence it came :
How sweet to fancy, when mortal sleeps,
An angel bends o'er our grief and weeps !

Hope is a DEW-DROP, in Life's first morn,
Bright and gay as the heart untorn ;
Holy, sacred, and sweet at even,
Tinged with the parting smile of heaven ;
Raising the heart bowed down with care
To all that is holy and happy there.

A. H. S.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS GRAND-CHILD.

BY JENNY MARSH.

'COME here to the lattice, darling,
And climb upon my knee;
The Twilight is gently folding
Its arms around the lea,
And its zephyr voice is singing
Old memories to me.

'Oh! I love to linger, darling,
Here at the even-time,
When the distant bells are ringing
Their holy twilight chime;
And your little hand is lying
So quietly in mine.

'But I have no olden legend
To tell thee o'er to-night,
Of the elves, or merry fairies,
That dwell in halls of light;
Or of fair and noble ladies
That loved their fearless knights.

'But I'd hear thee utter, darling,
Thy heart's deep, earnest prayer;
The one that at this quiet hour
In silence whispers there;
The one that is pure and holy,
And doth no evil share.'

She knelt at his feet, and lowly
She bowed her golden head,
While round her the stars of heaven
Their dim, soft lustre shed,
And all seemed calm and silent
As the chamber of the dead.

'Kind FATHER!' said she, 'may the twilight
Of grand-pa's life be bright,
With thy love and thy grace to bear him
On through the fearful night;
And may the dawn of his morning
Be that of Heaven's light.'

'May the God of my fathers hear thee!'
He clasped her to his breast:
'And lead my little lambkin
Just where HE thinketh best!'
Then he raised his eyes to heaven,
And whispered God the rest.

Rochester, (N. Y.) Sept.

FLEUR DE SILLERY.

PAPER TWO.

FLEUR DE SILLERY came up to smoke the segar of peace when the lights were out below, arm-in-arm with Prunelle. He bore no malice ; as who should that has carried his point ? and for myself, in the mean time, I had reflected that these Gauls are not to be rated in morals with us of Anglo-Saxon origin, and perhaps after all the compliment, such as it was, was not unsuited to its subject. She has such an Oriental style of face, such dusky-black, gipsy-like eyes, looking at one temptingly, yet for all the world as if from behind a veil, and wears her dresses so confoundedly low upon the shoulders, that I don't much wonder, on the whole, at the comparison. And only to think, thought I, that old McKr ——

'*Ma foi !*' said Fleur de Sillery to me, 'why did you leave us so soon ? you did not stay for the German. This iced punch is delicious after that last stampede, this sultry night. *Par exemple !* I danced it with the bacchante.'

'Did Mrs. Bo present you ?'

'No ; Mr. Prunelle here. Do you know, I think she took an immediate fancy to me, and for a *danseuse* who — a ——'

'As *is* a dantheuse !' Prunelle suggested.

'Yes, that is the idiom ; as *is* a *danseuse*, why commend me to her.'

'I thay,' said Prunelle here, with his segar between his teeth, 'do n't believe that about the 'fancy,' my boy. It was his title, cuth me ! that took *her*. When I thaid 'Monsiegnieur le Compte Fleur de Sillery,' I thaw her make great eyes at him. I thay,' Prunelle added, 'between ourthelves, people of that thort always run after titles, you know.'

Why will Prunelle show such anxiety to prove he has forgotten the tailor, his grand-father, whose money he is still spending ? I always ask myself this question, and perhaps Sillery does, too, for he is not unacquainted with the facts ; but the Count on this occasion only showed his teeth, as customary with him, and I remarked :

'My dear Prunelle, you should not speak thus, for the Van Trumps are one of our oldest families, and Mrs. Bo — though she did in time past marry Bobbinet, a mere tradesman in the beginning, whatever his subsequent position on 'Change — is own sister to the present distinguished Mrs. Van Trump, and, of course, as such, highly respectable. I need not say Miss Angela Van Trump is the quintessence of all that is elegant in address or aristocratic in demeanor.'

'*Ma foi*, no !' said Fleur de Sillery, laughing.

'Why how you talk ! Do n't you know, eh ?' cried Prunelle, 'her name ain't Van Trump at all ?'

'Really, Prunelle,' said I, 'though it looks inhospitable, I think you had better drink no more of this iced punch. It *is* rather strong.'

'I think he drank too much before he came up,' Sillery remarked, coolly. 'He certainly presented me to Miss Angela Van Trump.'

'Cuth it! tho I did! What induthed me, I wonder? Her name is Angela, of courth, Mith Angela ——' Prunelle stammered, and in his little brain vainly endeavored to coin a surname which might disguise the fib he meditated.

'Here's to Miss Angela McKrell,' cried I, bursting into a laugh. 'Why, we all know it, at least I do, and Monseigneur le Comte here would learn every particular to-morrow, should he so will it, by exercise of that *finesse* which no doubt caused him to be sent out as *attaché* to his *embassage*. (Sillery bowed with his hand in his vest.) So don't make a mountain of a mole-hill, Prunelle. Of course, we give you credit for the admirable way in which you keep a confidence, and it was not your fault that you dropped the hint just now which betrayed you, but the fault of the punch, and perhaps a sherry-cobbler or two down stairs.'

'Why, I am not at all tipthy,' retorted Young America. 'But under the circumstances I don't at all mind telling you what I happen to know — on parole, though, eh?'

'You may confide in us. Can you distrust the friendship of ——' I was going to say years, but remembered myself, and substituted 'weeks.' Come, in the words of Mr. Bat, 'What's it all about?'

'You know it's thome weeks ago that I returned from my tour on the Continent, where I vithited and thaw the chief capitals of Europe, with the view — tho the governor thaid — of improving my mind.'

'Also the Rue Richelieu, and the — what d'ye call the kind of animal?' asked Fleur de Sillery, musingly.

'Elephant,' said I, parenthetically. 'Go on!'

'Do n't interrupt me,' said little Prunelle, smirking, however, secretly, behind his segar. 'Of courth a man of the world, who has seen life abroad, may be thuppothed to be the best of all counthillors in thertain affairs; and as I happened to be at *Tharatoga* at the time, and in daily communication with Mrs. Bobbinet, it naturally followed that I was that counthillor.'

'Yes, no doubt.'

'You thee they — old Van Trump and the family generally, I mean — had heard of a thertain perthon's goings-on in Paris, how he was mad after the Signora Vermicelli, the little *danseuse*, followed her about, and thwore he would marry her, and was coming home to ask the old gentleman's consent. He's theveteen, ain't he?' with a grin.

'He's as old as you at least, Prunelle,' said I.

'At all events the whole thing was cut and dry before his arrival. The old gentleman thwore a great deal, I'm told, but in the end adopted the propothal of Mrs. Bo, (and your humble thervant,) which was merely this: to keep cool. He altho fell into a plan of Mrs. Bo's contriving, but which met with my full approbation, which was to badger our young friend Tulip into marrying a girl who is worth a plum in her own right, and tho put an end to *his* exthesses and his purthuit of Signora Vermicelli. Of courth it was essential to find a fathinating

girl, and who more fathinating than the daughter of old McKrell, or, for the matter of that, who more likely to have a half-million or tho for dower? But old Van Trump broke out again, and thwore no Van should marry a Mac. On the other hand, Mrs. Bo thwore no Van should have a dollar of her money *unleth* he married a Mac — or at least this Mac — Krell, to wit, Angela, you know! It theerned she was under obligathions of thome kind to the McKrell conthern, and wanted to pay it off in the perthon of my young friend Tulip. Exthellent woman! The upthot of it all was that the governor knocked under, and now enters into the project with heart and thoul, though *why*, cuth me if I can tell! Is it that he is hard-up? Impothible! with, I don't know how many thouthand acres of tenantry to keep him afloat. Oh! impothible, you know! Prunelle repeated, lighting a fresh segar, and lapsing into contemplative silence.

'But you have not unveiled the whole mystery yet.'

'Yeth I have, exthept the change of name. You know how doothed arithtocratical Tulip is. Well, of courth he would never marry a Miss McKrell, at least until after falling in love with her under thome *nom de guerre* or other, and after he *is* in love, why it's all one whether it's Angela, or Vermicelli, or any body else, in or out of the firtht thircles. Not many people know her real name, and as she is under Mrs. Bobbinet's protection, and only vithits her own family, it looks like a mere friendship on her part for the latter, which, since the McKrells have built that splendid house, is not at all unnatural, you know. I think the trap is well thet. He thinks her name is Van Trump, and thinks it is his cousin, (though he never laid eyes on her before,) to whom he is going to be attentive. Thee if he do n't etheort her everywhere, and end by falling in love with her and forgetting Vermicelli!' Prunelle concluded with a sigh, the first I had ever heard from him, and which seemed rather uncalled-for, and suddenly losing his flow of spirits.

Of course I did not credit the whole of this recital. There were some features slightly at variance with my prejudices; as, for example, that Prunelle should be invited to confer with any one in an affair requiring secresy and tact, or that Brigadier-General Van Trump, a proverbially proud and passionate old fellow, should follow the lead of this youngster. 'No, no, Prunelle,' I thought, 'you were not invited, but have fallen into this labyrinth of Mrs. Bo's spinning because you could not keep your tongue from running on what pranks one of your friends committed *sub rosa* on the Continent. If he suspected your agency, would he take you by the nose, I wonder? for the blood of the fiery General runs in his veins. And after all, are you not likely to reap the fruit of your own conceit and officiousness in the upshot of this plot? Has not the possibility that little Tulip may be true after all to his Vermicelli, and be disinherited by Mrs. Bo, and that your graces of person may avail in winning the regard of that nabob not less than of her protégée, possessed your brain, such as it is, and made you approximate more to a poet in wealth of imagination during the past week or ten days than you ever did before or will again? And if you have up to this time remained in ignorance of your state of mind, and of the growing influence of that bewitching creature Angela, backed as she is in expect-

ancy by half the fortune of old McKrell, and let us say two-thirds of that of Mrs. Bobbinet, was not the involuntary sigh just now an indication of the dawning conviction that here was a rival of your own creating about to supplant you, my young friend?

Perhaps Fleur de Sillery entertained a like opinion. 'Look there!' said he to me with a grimace, two afternoons later. I looked, and saw my young friend Van Trump actually driving Miss Angela to the beach in his wagon, and in the distance the stately figure of Mrs. Bo in the act of ascending the Van Trump equipage in charge of the polite Brigadier-General.

'A most dutiful nephew!' said I, in a tone of admiration. 'No doubt his heart is with his Signora, while he strives to be agreeable to his lovely companion yonder, and 'tis only to gratify the whim of Mrs. Bobbinet that he thus sacrifices his feelings. But where is Prunelle, the counsellor? he should have a seat in the Van Trump carriage, bringing up the rear of the happy company, if only to witness the partial success of their combined strategy.'

Fleur is not the man to be misled by a common-place; a diplomatist should, *ex officio*, see farther into a mill-stone than another, because he knows best where to find the hole. He laughed in his agreeable manner, and said, '*Morbleu!* what a savage you are upon our friends! Do you ever wear my scalp at your girdle, *par exemple*? As for *ce petit Prunelle*, he drove *his* wagon back to the stables five minutes ago, and wishes his friend and ours, little Tulip, had married the amiable Vermicelli. What does all that mean? A young fellow like Prunelle does not house his grays so fine an evening as this without some good reason. Is it because he thinks no other girl at the 'Ocean,' or in its vicinity, worthy the honor? and since Angela is preëngaged, retires for a time from the world of gayety? *Ma foi!* it may prove interesting to watch the event of this delightfully transparent plotting, and I must give it my attention. Do you know it is not a bad school to study diplomacy in, that of the ball-room? Your belles represent so many blank treaties of amity and alliance, fairly transcribed and full of lies, (pardon me,) only waiting for the signature of the high contracting parties to be laid upon the shelf; and as for such little creatures as Prunelle, or our friend Tulip, whose aping of good manners and good dress are ludicrous, *ma foi!* they may be considered in the light of so many protocols, hangers-on to the before-named treaties of amity. Do you amuse yourself occasionally by filling the boots of your neighbors and assuming their imaginary relations? Let me tell you it is the best road to their confidence. Had I been in Prunelle's place, for instance, it is possible that after committing myself in the first instance, I may have been brought like him to fetch and carry until I found a bone worth picking in the basket, and then and there have forgotten my fidelity—*nomine mutato de Prunelle, fabula narratur*, eh?

'But what a pity 'tis that the respectable Mrs. Bobbinet should be so sadly out with foreigners! Would she ever consent to a *protégée* of hers being the Czarina, or even empress of the Grand Nation? I believe that she has no antipathy to Prunelle or Van Trump, nor yet to yourself, *mon ami*, whose subdued style of costuming is quite at variance

with that adopted at present by your distinguished young countrymen. With me the case is otherwise. However faultless my toilette, or grammatical my English, or moral my manner of conducting my partner through the *redowa*, I cannot escape the ban of having been born elsewhere than under the wings of your great national bird. Thus am I banished from a post of observation which you may enjoy, namely, the side of patriotic Mrs. Bobbinet, and driven into making myself tolerably acceptable to Miss Angela, if I would improve myself in social tactics on this interesting occasion — what shall I say? — until the game be flushed, and all but the bird singled out for slaughter take wing with the customary show of consternation.'

Indeed, my French friend was as good as his word, and in accordance with the purpose declared in this speech, paid court to Miss Angela, though not at all of a sort likely, I thought, to gratify that young lady's vanity. His manner was frequently *distrain*, and always removed from that of a man who cares to flatter a belle into a favorable opinion of himself; he rather looked down upon her, and offended her, I felt sure, more than once by the indifference he betrayed. Did she decline dancing? *n'importe*; after polkaing with duchesses and lady ambassadresses abroad, what did a dance more or less matter with Miss Angela Van Trump, alias McKrell? his manner said. Did she prefer her private parlor to a promenade in the long piazza — would some body join him in a game of billiards or bowls? Did she declare that the wagon of Tulip or Prunelle, or the family-coach were alone to be honored by her acceptance, or profess herself *ennuyée* of the stupid monotony of the waves, and afterward appear *en règle*? — whom should they encounter, chattering French and driving at a slapping speed, if not Fleur de Sillery and one of the Miss Joneses — the rich Joneses, you know — or little Mrs. Tomtit, who, as every body knows, is in the market again for a husband? In no case did Sillery persecute her by the unreasonableness of his attentions; if he piqued her, it was by his apparent carelessness whether he offended her or no. Why should he care? He was not in love, and to be at the same time attentive and unobtrusive satisfied the conditions upon which he could hope to retain his post of observation without annoyance to himself or others.

For my own part, I felt unusual concern in the event. Had I not watched this same Angela McKrell gradually emerge from the crystal of school-girl short-frocks into full womanly loveliness, and now beheld her taking place with established belles, under the glory of a more distinguished surname borrowed for the purpose? Was she not surrounded and followed by swarms of admirers, by Skipp, by Lovelute, by, in short, all the most elegant of our drawing-room men; and were not my aristocratical friend Van Trump and the wealthy and fashionable Prunelle to be reckoned among her suitors; and even cool and saturnine Fleur de Sillery, bewitched into resigning all other flirtations for the abstract pleasure of merely observing the progress of this? Beside all this, dear Mrs. Bobbinet was so delightfully original, and our views so invariably coincided! When the younger people danced, we conversed and looked on; when Angela came back, I flatter myself I was not behind the others in entertaining her. For a not-dancing-

man, it was, as Fleur said, the best of all posts. Angela is not wanting in a certain sort of *esprit*, and when not dancing, which she liked better, consented to listen to my *bon-mots*, (carefully prepared in private,) which I usually utter with such off-hand brilliancy. '*Ma foi!* I tell him he is a *demi-sauvage!*' Fleur, sauntering on the other side of Angela, would say, perhaps; but he would say little else, contenting himself with listening languidly and occasionally showing his extremely white teeth in a broader smile than usual. How we cut up our friends during our promenades in the long piazza! What dull objects were little Prunelle and Tulip Van Trump, going about in their short-coats, and believing themselves irresistible! And then there was diminutive Mrs. Tomtit always hanging on the arm of some body with a moustache, and so innocent, and so sweet and smiling; and old Van Trump, comporting himself more like a drum-major than a Brigadier-General, with so great a display of his gold-headed cane, and awful pomp and dignity; also, Mrs. Van T. in a turban, and Miss Van T., rather *passée*, and disposed to be mightily grand, but only too glad of an opportunity to flirt. These two last Angela hated mortally.

'La! now!' said she, 'only look at that Isabella Van Trump, what a ninny she is making of herself! Did you ever!' presenting a flower to young Weakeyes, just from college, after putting it to her lips — 'and she's thirty, if she's a day! I do believe she thinks herself as handsome as — as —'

'Her *cousin*, Miss Angela Van Trump,' said I, softly, at which speech both Miss Angela and Fleur de Sillery laughed, but I think for different reasons.

Little Tulip meantime, no doubt overawed by the private threats of General Van Trump, and the awful certainty of disinheritance on the part of Mrs. Bobbinet, had become first docile and then evidently interested in the part he was called upon to play. Once drawn into the whirl of redowas in the ball-room, and of wheels on the beach, who could resist the intoxicating influence of the season and place? Not little Tulip, whose brain was quickly turned, of course. 'That youngster,' I remarked, with singular inconsistency to Sillery, who showed his gleaming teeth in consequence, 'betrays an absence of principle for which it would be difficult to find excuse. Do you know he has assured me repeatedly that Signora Vermicelli is incomparably more lovely than any woman here, and I gave him credit for an attachment which did him honor? To resign fortune, nay, to defy the prejudices of society, would have been to crown his own brow with laurel and the Signora's with myrtle, and to obtain the applause of all right-minded spectators of his heroism. But instead of this, I fear he is about to sell his happiness, and perhaps that of Signora Vermicelli also. Poor Vermicelli!' quoth I, with unusual sentiment, recalling the likeness of the actress as shown me by her quondam lover some weeks back, 'how I pity her awaking from her dream of love and respectability to the protracted necessity of a life which Tulip himself told me is odious to her in the extreme, and worse than all, to the loss of perhaps the only friend in whom she ever placed confidence!'

Fleur de Sillery fairly grinned. 'Ah! bah!' said he in a low tone,

eyeing me askant; 'are you really becoming sentimental, *mon ami*? *Ma foi!* The Signora has plenty of lovers and plenty of faith in them all, and will marry the richest and the biggest fool, mark my words. She thought at one time our friend Van Trump capable of supplying both conditions, but she prudently refused to marry him until something more satisfactory than his assurance of the family acquiescence should be forthcoming. If Tulip had met with opposition here, I have no doubt he would have taken the next steamer to return to his Vermicelli, and have married her—if he could! But every thing has been well conducted and fallen harmoniously into place. Was the Brigadier-General formerly an ambassador abroad? His air is very noble, and his idea of a strategy—for of course I do not believe the counter representations of our friend Prunelle—sublime! I see you wonder at my familiarity with the topic, but 'tis not surprising when you learn that 'poor Signora Vermicelli,' as you pathetically term her, has written to interest me in her behalf. I have given her the best advice I could offer. I had the felicity of her acquaintance in Paris; and to serve one's fair friends in distress is the most graceful of duties, of course. I believe she visited your great country professionally, some years since, in the first blush of her fame. No doubt little Tulip was then at school somewhere; but you may have had the honor of a presentation? No! Well, then, you cannot know how fascinating she is, and how like this Miss Angela Van Trump in some respects, though totally differing in others—as, for example, in not being an heiress of any body. This is perhaps the true secret of the easy transfer of affection which so surprises you in our young friend. In Angela he saw a something reminding him of his Countess, and now is likely to forget that injured lady, as you think, in this Angela, to whose charms of person are superadded the more influential charms of purse. But *has* he really forgotten the Vermicelli? It is fortunately easy to solve the enigma. Let me see. *Ma foi!* 'tis somewhere here,' Fleur de Sillery quietly remarked, running his eye down the columns of the *Times*, which he held in his hand and now opened, and having found the paragraph, called my attention to it with the point of his segar. 'Read it aloud,' said he.

'Glorious!' cried I, 'we must all run up to town and take tickets for Castle-Garden—hey, De Sillery?' Fleur nodded and knocked the ashes off the end of his Colorado.

'What's the wow?' asked Prunelle, counting with his cue and sliding the balls along the wire. We had dropped in while Prunelle and his presumed rival were trying a match at billiards, and while awaiting our turn the conversation just given had transpired.

'The row,' said I, 'is this: listen.' And then I read the paragraph which related in effect that the brilliant, famous, and accomplished *danseuse* and Contessa Vermicelli had, for the second time, consented to accept an engagement on this side the Atlantic, and win all hearts by her exquisite grace. That the Signora had arrived the day before and taken possession of the apartments awaiting her at the 'Clarendon;' and that she would appear, etc., etc., in the usual form of professional puffs.

The three occupants of the room, exclusive of myself and Fleur de Sillery, had listened to this announcement with widely different emotion. Tulip Van Trump, in act to cannon, stood sliding his cue nervously over the back of his thumb, without seeing the ball before him, and changing from white to red. Young Weakeyes, seated on the window-sill, dangling his legs and sucking the top of his cane, endeavored to look knowing; and Prunelle broke out into a laugh, which sounded very like one of exultation.

'Vive la Signora Vermicelli!' cried that fine French scholar, gracefully waving a mace-stick overhead. 'Why, what a *Thwump* she is to come over and thing for uth!' the young gentleman added, thrusting his tongue into his cheek to give point to the witticism.

'I say, men!' young Weakeyes here put in from the window, 'ain't she — Vermicelli, I mean — uncommonly like Angela Van Trump, in voice and manners, I mean, you know? She came down to recruit in the boat this morning with me, and I came devilish near speaking to her for Angela, you know. When I saw her at the hotel afterward, by day-light, by Jove! I was quite struck, and asked Smith who the devil it was, you know!'

'You *don't* thay the gweat Signora Vermicelli is actually here!' little Prunelle exclaimed, with still greater glee. 'Why, I must go and wenew my acquaintance this very morning. I thay, Vanny, let uth finish this match right away, and call on her arm-in-arm.'

But Van Trump had already dashed his cue down. 'I give up the game,' he said, and turned to Weakeyes with all the composure he could command. 'What hotel did you say?' he asked, a little tremulously, and went off after obtaining the address, without noticing Prunelle's invitation in the least.

The last-named gentleman, however, seemed not at all disconcerted, but, on the contrary, in extremely good spirits, and disposed to show them. He caught Weakeyes off the window, and whisked him round in a redowa with much elegance, and returning him to his place, produced his segar-case, and proposed to go and imbibe cobblers 'all around.' But before we went he surveyed the table. 'Bleth my thoul! — ath Mithtreth Bo thays — it was no wonder he gave it up,' he remarked, with a knowing grin. 'Why, he's plumped every thingle ball into the pockets, *exthept mine!*'

Two days later it was generally known that young Van Trump had driven out in his wagon, on the public beach, the notorious but lovely *danseuse* Vermicelli, and become, it was supposed, her accepted lover. Every body knew now, too, that Angela was not, and never had been, a Van Trump, but only a McKrell; for had not the Van Trumps themselves acknowledged it everywhere with a very bad grace indeed? And was there not a feud established between every member of that distinguished family and the nabob Mrs. Bo? And was one shilling of that lady's reputed million and a half, for a long time, likely to glad the hearts of the owners of the shockingly out-at-elbows estate, the tenantry of which were for ever at war with their landlord, and paid their dues with much grumbling, when they paid them at all? The Brigadier-General himself had begun it, when he rushed into Mrs. Bob-

binet's private parlor in such excitement that he actually forgot his stock, which he had laid aside for coolness, prior to learning his son's indiscretion, and with only presence of mind enough to grasp his gold-headed cane, without which he was never seen abroad, and perhaps might have lost his identity; and with little Prunelle, who had created the disturbance, following at his heels, and looking scared at the result.

Mrs. Bobbinet, seated with one knee over the other in a manly fashion, as her habit is when reading the daily papers, held a letter in her hand, which hand was shaking more than usual, while the owner rocked to and fro.

'Oh! law! law!' Mrs. Bo was exclaiming; 'who'd a thought it, after altering my will too! But I'll change it all back, and give every shilling to that dear boy Tulip, to console him for his loss. I'll make a p'int of doing it,' (*pint* was what Mrs. Bobbinet said.) 'Oh! don't tell me,' Mrs. Bo. cried at the end, getting up and pacing distractedly across her floor, pursued and confronted, however, at every turn by the Brigadier-General, who would have burst had he kept longer silence; indeed he had been growing redder and redder in the face with every word of Mrs. Bobbinet's, and was getting fast into a towering passion.

'But I will, Madam! I *will* tell you my opinion, Madam!' the General roared, regardless of the thin partitions surrounding them, and of Prunelle's presence; and thumping his cane upon the boards to give emphasis to what he said, 'I submit my judgment to yours, Madam, and instead of caning the young rebel, I pretend to take no notice of his falling in love with a d — d low foreigner. I hand him over to you, in fact; I even consent that he shall marry — a McKrell, pooh! — to oblige you, Madam! And what is the end of all your scheming and foolery, but that your nephew, Madam! yes, your *nephew*, I say! runs away this very morning with this identical French woman, who has followed him from Paris! And he sends me a d — d polite note to that effect by a friend of his, this youngster here, whom I have two minds to cane, for his d — d insolence in presuming to bring it to ME!' the fiery General cries, wheeling about and confronting little Prunelle, who precipitately backed toward the door.

Mrs. Bobbinet dropped into her chair.

'With a *French woman*! — with a FOREIGNER!' gasped Mrs. Bo, lifting both her hands and rolling up her eyes.

'Water!' Prunelle exclaimed, forgetting his alarm, or even to lisp, while rushing to the rescue of the *more than mother of his Angela*.

But General Van Trump, still pummelling the floor, and if possible waxing more wroth — it must be admitted he interspersed his remarks with more oaths than are here hinted at — was not softened. 'With a foreigner! — a low play-actress!' he reiterated, 'and is going to be an actor himself, Madam, if I disinherit him, as I intend to do. But I suppose you will encourage him in his undutiful conduct, and leave him your fortune. Hey? Don't shake your head, Madam; you said it not a minute ago, and your sending them off in your own carriage —'

'In my carriage!' cried poor Mrs. Bo, aghast, before falling back into

hysterics, 'then that wretch of Angela did it without my knowledge; she has written to me from New-York; she ran off with a foreigner too!'

'With Fleur de Sillery!' screamed Prunelle, 'the carriage made two turns; I see it all!'

Poor Prunelle was in the right. The carriage *had* made two turns. While showing such disinterested zeal in the service of his late rival, how could he suspect him of playing into the hands of a rival still more formidable? Or when he himself beheld from the window of Tulip Van Trump's late chamber, whither he had been sent to seek a watch which was *not* under the pillow, Mrs. Bobbinet's carriage returning to the boat in such haste, what cause had he to suspect that it was not merely some article of the baggage of that lady's nephew, which had been forgotten? While he was questioning the chamber-maid and calling for the porter who had taken down the trunks, and rummaging among the pillows for the watch, which little Van was about that time consulting on shipboard, the steamer, conveying *two* runaway couples to the city, had already got under weigh.

Fleur de Sillery, the *attaché* of the French Legation, had outwitted us all. I say us, because I myself once entertained certain hopes which — but no matter. I chatted with the Countess the other night at the great masquerade ball, given by the McKrells — who, of course, in virtue of this marriage and their great wealth have become one of our first families — and was not in the least moved by her charms: now that she cannot dance, she has no choice but to flirt with us talking men, or to retire to the obscurity of the dowager benches. Prunelle has the impudence to declare he was never in love with her, though but for the intervention of Weakeyes, who roomed with him, he would have doubtless blown out his feeble brains on a certain afflictive occasion. However, he is now engaged to the elder sister, Miss Georgiana McKrell, who, if quite stylish and immensely rich, is not at all handsome. Van Trump the younger has long been reconciled to his family, and occupies a conspicuous place in Mrs. Bobbinet's will and affections; *he did not marry the Contessa*. Sillery did him one good turn at least, in whispering what he did to Signora Vermicelli, some time during their short voyage from Newport.

'*Tu m'as trompée!*' the lady then said in dudgeon, and something very like a French oath escaped her rosy lips. But when the city was reached, she resumed her professional labors.

'Bah!' said she to Tulip, a week later, who grew white with rage while she spoke; he had in vain been pressing her to become Mrs. Tulip Van Trump, or even to assign a reason for her sudden coolness. 'Shall I, Contessa Vermicelli, who have consorted with princes, marry a beggar? What have you got to live on? Your aunt hate you; your papa fling you off. Do you wish to live by *my* labor? *Ça! ça!*' cried the Signora, mockingly waving her white hand, but casting a dangerous glance upon our friend's pale face. 'You love me, do you? *Bien!* I never loved you. I thought you as rich as you said you were — *mais vous avez menti* — *bête!* There, go! you annoy me — or ——'

T H E F I R S T K I S S .

BY S. P. HERRON.

I.

Less joy the bridegroom's heart will prove,
To see the torch and hear the song
That take the prize from rival love,
And crowned the hope that mocked so long:

II.

Less joy the youthful monarch knows
Upon the day that crowns his head,
When shouting crowds forget their woes,
And grateful tears of hope are shed:

III.

And with a less o'erflowing soul
The victor took his destined bays,
When, turning from the Pythian goal,
Immortal Greece awoke his praise:

IV.

Than I this hour to prove the truth
Of one desire where thousands fail:
To kiss thee ere thy bud of youth
Was spread to the rapacious gale:

V.

To kiss thee in thy tenderest prime,
Before one fragrant breath had flown;
Ere others' lips had dared the crime,
And soiled the smile no more my own.

VI.

I've saved my age from one regret,
Nor stood while pleasures fade each hour;
I've conquered once ere youth is set,
And drunk the dews from one bright flower.

VII.

I've found one joy where all is care;
Fulfilled one hope where all is vain;
One violet from the mountain bare,
One gem from the o'erwhelming main.

W H Y I A M A B A C H E L O R .

BY THOMAS TATTLER.

THREE times, by my unsteadily burning taper, I have dipped this old steel point in my ink-stand ; three times I have drawn it out ; and like an old bachelor, as I am, I am still devoid of all save a *single* thought. That is the interrogative, ' Wherefore am I an old bachelor ? ' I shall not ask you to tell, reader, for it is more than *I* know ; but I have concluded that certain events have more or less conspired to make me that I am — a rusty, growling old bachelor, ready to apply a cold shoulder to the wheel on which Love has spread his fairest and choicest treasures ; affection, purity, peace, mutual confidence, and that priceless casket which holds them all, woman's heart. Once I could have wished to roll the glittering circle over the morning-meads of Time, and could have laughed aloud as the brilliant gems of gladness were scattered in its wake. Now, since I have recalled the past, my heart, even from its icy bonds, seems to burst and warm in the sun-light of memory.

Seldom — very seldom does it beat as in the days of my boyhood ; seldom emerge from its deep anchorism ; yet even now, while the brown locks are changing, and the white hairs of age are thickening over my head, I can feel the grasp of one hand, hear one voice ; and as if her form were there, I will fold my empty arms across my bosom and whisper, ' Addie ! ' Strange dreams that come to haunt me with their smiles !

However, this will not inform you how I became a bachelor, or rather, how I became nothing else. Be patient, and I will ' a tale unfold,' in the acquired style of my latter years.

I gathered up all my duds, as far as was practicable, and determined to leave the dusty town and dusty boarding-house, for all things were more or less dusty, kept by the husband Drybones nominally, and by the wife Drybones in fact, where, in all the glory of an unsophisticated young gentleman, I had passed, or endeavored to pass, a stray week or so pleasantly. I had gone to the big town (I believe the people called it a city) of I——, from curiosity, and came away on account of the dust, and may-be a little home-sickness, of which we will say nothing ; but not without an inward palpitation, as the landlady came to bid me good-speed. It was not so much herself I cared for, as she belonged to Mr. Drybones, collectively ; but her little-crowned cap, with the broad-lace border, and the huge breadth of pink ribbon that for ever flapped around her ears, and the sly and roguish emotion of the dove-tail ends, as they crept anon over her white neck and shoulders, (white, indeed, though a landlady's !) all these, I say, may have caused my lachrymose disposition at parting ; and may-be that a tear is now resting on the old wooden steps — on the step next to the bottom, if I remember — has not some unkind foot trespassed roughly upon its sanctity.

In the pride of my youth, I would burst from my room in the morning, and as fate had fixed, I would always meet Mrs. Drybones, or the cap, or the ribbons, just emerging from the culinaries. Oft when her fingers were welded by the dough, with a 'Good-morning, Master Thomas !' or some other salutation, she would join her dress-sleeve and nasal organ in a very peculiar way, and by an ascending rub, quite relieve herself from any tickling i' the nose, occasioned by the flapping cap-strings. When early I met her in the hall, I could always tell what to expect for breakfast, from the different degrees of fierceness with which the cap-strings fluttered ; but I need not recount, for we invariably had mush and johnny-cake, and the strings everlastingly went all ways, and with the same velocity.

On the whole, I think her husband's half of the matrimonial bargain was a little the best. He was a little ahead in rotundity, but she was a head and shoulders above him in elevation, as well as in many other respects.

She *had* been — bless the change ! — quite a fashionable lady in her younger hours, and diamonds on her own were as brilliant as on any other lady's fingers of her day ; beside, in her 'silks,' she was as supreme as any, though their short, full waists, with at least three breadths, and plumb descent from the arm-pits, would, in this wonderful age, meet with many obstacles, as unmentionable as they are bulky in their nature.

I remember to have seen her exhibit enormous quantities of pendulous and other ornaments, massive with expense and glitter, as well as one most antique remnant of ladyhood that claimed the name of bonnet, whose coming, indeed, cast a shadow before, and quite in advance of any types of our day, which, as worn, will admit a 'quick camera' to a perfect outline of their contents, whether they be Grecian, Roman, or pug.

But what I wish to introduce, (more particularly as he has so often introduced himself to my unmention'-ems, and in fact become so deeply attached as to leave an impression,) is a little poodle, the only living relic of her earlier days, except good old Mr. Drybones, who married them both, as is supposed, and as he was then willing to think. My leisure moments — and mine were all leisure moments then — were frequently dissipated, as all time must be, in the parlor of Mrs. Drybones, and in the company of Miss Drybones.

Truly there was such a lady, and with such a name, though I could never discover how she merited it ; and I may add, with truth, what most writers are apt to add any how, she was young and handsome.

Why I chose to stay in the parlor, I can't myself say ; but I knew and had in view certain facts which I am not disposed to conceal from any body. Miss D — was of the remarkably showy age of seventeen years, though I can not explain how I found out. She possessed a deal of prattle, touched with a deal of sense, of which I drank deep draughts, with the eagerness of a bride at the well of St. Keyne.

These flowings of spirit I relished the more, as they were drawn for me and directed to me individually, from between the stitches of her knitting-work. She would round her sentences as beautifully as she

did the stocking-heel, and narrow them down with a logic as pointed and unique as the toe of the same ; and when she finished, the whole fabric of her speech seemed to hang by the conclusion, as secure as the aforesaid stocking by its last thread. When she extracted the needles, they were not trained to run back and forth through her dark curls, as oft old ladies' needles do, for comfort ; but she would endeavor to initiate me into the 'mysteries,' and 'miseries,' I thought, so far as the work was concerned, of knitting. Reader, my old heart does burn ! and I can not trifle with my feelings, but must grow serious. Although thirty years have since fled, I can see her by my side, with youth and beauty limned in every glance, and all amiability and virtue carved upon her features ; but again it is a vision, for in truth I see her not !

The rose seemed bending on her cheek as on its stem, with many a lily peeping from behind it, and her curls would fall as she bent beside me, and seem a cloud above a bed of flowers. Who has not seen the shadow of Heaven's misty traveller, as, unguided and free, it flew over flower-beds and fields, and passing, left sun-shine on their roses and anemones ? Just so those dark ringlets swept over her maiden cheek ; and oft have I seen her dew-drop eyes sparkle on mine, as the shadow passed, and she turned smiling toward me.

'There !' she would exclaim, 'if you are as apt in your studies while at home as you are in learning of me, I can confidently anticipate your success.' And then continuing, 'What charm has the law, that it should engage your attention ; you who seem so illy constituted in mind and body for such dry and uninteresting matter as I have conceived it to be ? Do tell me.'

As if my heart were talking as it leapt, in the stead of my lips, I would frame my boyish answer, eager to display my knowledge of the profession I had chosen, while she threw herself down carelessly on a little stool by my feet, to hear why I had chosen so uncongenial a pursuit.

'There is much,' I would say, 'so inseparably connected with the study of law as to be almost unattainable elsewhere, that is both amusing and useful. Where in olden time offenders against the law were condemned or purified by magic ; where in one instance the test of innocence was certain death, and in another sure immaculation was attained by the merest farce ; these laws of 'ordeal' contrast strangely and greatly with subsequent laws, improved and modified unto the present day, to the extinction of witchcraft and superstition in the fountains of government. While perusing the wise provisions of our eminent judiciaries, as soldered by their decisions into our very constitutions, one can but look back and laugh, with distended cheeks, at the state of the Norman and Saxon codes under ecclesiastical dominion. Some flowers like these, Addie, appear, by force of contrast, in the otherwise dry and unsavory bed of law-study. As a whole, I acknowledge that it is far less congenial, far less interesting than many other occupations I could mention ; but at this moment, to the skillful practitioner, it affords the best returns.'

As I had told her some things quite new to herself concerning the law as a study, she felt more reconciled to the profession that had

obtained nothing but her prejudices, as it must those of any who view it only externally.

‘True, there is more relief to the monotony than I supposed ; but yet, methinks, from your musings in that old arm-chair, sometimes, that the labyrinths of law antiquity were far from being welcome to you. What your dreams consisted of, I can not tell ; but now a shadow and then a smile would pass over your face ; your eyes would sparkle with that variety of expression which I supposed only a Shakspeare or a Dickens possessed. Your face has been in as many shapes as I should imagine theirs to have assumed in sketching their Othellos and Rudes, Falstaffs and Quilps, Romeos and Twists.’ At this juncture would the little poodle turn over upon the rug and stretch himself as only a poodle can, when, with an inquiring look at my face, he would commence his sallies upon my trowsers, run off and upset poor puss, who was never free from his insults, and then mount upon Addie’s dress to hear her further remark.

‘So methinks the study of law must suffer greatly at such times as you see fit to ponder your strange native theme.’ Then poodle lifts up his ears, grown thick with age, more easily to discover my answer.

‘I know not what has caused my singular formation. Either Nature must have felt melancholy when I was developed, or a connection with this strange world has produced a radical and unusual change in my native structure, both of heart and mind. If, in my younger hours, I was indeed a brother to the idiosyncrasies of my father’s first-born, there has been a perceptible change in favor of misanthropy during my few years of existence. He was an independent, wild, and precocious youth, with vast supplies of assurance and a deal of presence of mind, which latter is a necessary attendant of a temperament so cool and calculating as his own. I say wild, for in truth he was so, if a studied dislike of parental control admits that untamed adjective. Whereas I, less prone to be obstinate in the pleasing slavery of parental obedience, grew perhaps more unlike my brother each succeeding day. In a corresponding manner my course was more reflective, his more thoughtless ; mine grave and serious, his light and hilarious : yet does he possess a heart than which there is not one more noble, more forgiving.’

‘I presume, on the whole,’ she would say, laughingly, ‘he was as gay as light, and lighter too, while you were as calm as the grave, and graver too.’

Then the conversation naturally turned, and my peace of mind came to me in a manner I could not account for, as with a similar purpose (to enjoy the out-door air in the large garden at the rear of the boarding-house) we left the parlor ; I taking good care to confine poodle therein, much, as I hoped, to my comfort. We had scarcely reached the arbor — finely shaded and situated in a side walk — when the landlady appeared, cap-strings and all, as large as life, with an immense dinner-bell, calculated to arouse the clerks and students to a sense of the time of day and the landlady’s pleasure. ‘Ding-clap ! ding-clap ! ding-clap !’ went the old cracked bell : she swung it long and she swung

it well, and I saw the cap-strings heave and swell ; but she stopped as the poodle's scratch and yell were heard at the parlor door.

'W-e-l-l n-o-w ! if that ain't too bad,' she drawled, 'to shut up my poor little pet !' and she turned the knob, more to poodle's relief than mine ; for the reader may imagine I was not in a mood to be disturbed. As the 'pet' attacked my cloth in a manner expressive of his delight, I was forced to subdue my tender expressions after the fashion of 'Addie, I have always lo ———,' (although I never saw her before,) and console myself with the fact that

'The course of true love never did run smooth,'

in order to suppress my indignation, which would have shortened either the breath or life of poor poodle.

PART TWO.

LEAVES ME A BACHELOR STILL.

I HAD but little to do with the other boarders, and, as it is unnecessary, I need not tax my powers in describing indescribables. There was one, however, whose good opinion I had gained, and with whom I was as intimate as could be advised on so short an acquaintance. We will leave him for a moment to inform the reader that it is unnecessary (and would be, were it proper) likewise to particularize every meeting between myself and Miss Dry-bones in the old bower in the back-garden : to tell how oft our hands were unclasped to chastise poor poodle ; how oft he returned, with a sadder wag but more determination ; and how many, many times I was forced to leave her side by the deafening invitations of the old bell, that any hasty, envious old churl would have compared to me ; it being, I repeat, slightly cracked. With a grace, however, I could have denied that unsoundness in myself ; for my mother had sent me sound into the world, and to this busy village ; and I had received naught since my arrival but the gentlest handling.

By my side at table sat Miss Drybones, and always opposite me sat my friend Lewis, to whom I have alluded.

He was open-hearted, and his open-heartedness seemed to dwell in his features ; for his eyes twinkled and his mouth curled, as in a perpetual smile ; and more than all was his frankness indicated by his clear, full voice, that seemed more like

'A merry peal of bells'

than a noise from the dusty tenement of a spirit.

'How now, Addie ? In late, as usual ; and not alone either ! I fear you would change a warm dinner for a warm heart any day. Shall I clip a wing from this chicken for you ?' he would say, and add, as he thrust the chosen piece on her plate :

'Though the wings of Love will brightly play
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
As fast as he flies to thee.'

‘Indeed! You are apt with your quotations; but, pray, is Love then so volatile that power of beauty, wealth, worth, or wisdom cannot stay his wings? Is that the part your Cupid plays?’ said Addie, quickly.

‘My Cupid! Now that’s too good, when he has not even perched in my heart long enough to build a nest! Verily, that’s too good!’ he replied.

‘Then your heart must be a thorn-bush,’ rejoined Addie, ‘or he never would have passed the shadow of its buoyant branches. You liken him to a bird: a handsome simile.’

As plumply as though he had gained his point he continued the simile: ‘Yes, and a very humming-bird, that flits and flutters from one bud to another, and from the locust to the honey-suckle; but, mind! he never leaves them until he has enriched himself with all their sweets.’ His eye twinkled brightest then, and I thought that my turn had come to defend some body with the accumulated weapons of five minutes, which I suspect my client, Love, was guilty of barbing and pointing.

‘You hold him ‘a very humming-bird,’ I replied; ‘that’s very true, and he stops the longest over the sweetest flower; and if perchance he finds one with sweets inexhaustible, he is not always willing to forsake it, when he knows that the petals will be closed against his return, or that the flower will have died.’

Addie blushed and smiled, I colored, and Lewis attacked his drum-stick more ferociously, as he said, trying to suppress a broad grin:

‘You seem like that happy humming-bird; but ‘where, oh! tell me where,’ is that pretty flower—lovely, inexhaustibly sweet?’

I buried my talons in a napkin and said nothing more, while my heart leapt so quick and strong that I thought of my watch-crystal in the left vest-pocket. Mr. and Mrs. Dry-bones seemed unmerciful, for they exchanged glances of surprise and wonder that set all the clerks a-tittering; and, strangest of all, the uneasy cap-strings were composed, and stuck out behind in a dead calm.

The next day I was to depart, and as I had met with such cordiality on all hands—even from Addie—I called to my mind and determined to profit by the advice of Burns:

‘To catch dame Fortune’s golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That’s justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.’

Hence, ere I started I had arranged a correspondence with Addie, and progressed thus in ‘gathering gear’ for the future, and in ‘being independent.’ With a heavy and reluctant tread I crossed the threshold; and it was then that I dropped the tear upon the old wooden steps, which, I doubt not, some shoe has rudely trampled upon.

Once more I was at home in the quaint old country village, all around which corn was mellowing, and the fields of other grain were waving

light and airy. It was just the place to inspire my young affections, and make the heart ache with joy's repletion.

I had written to Addie; an answer came; but swifter than the winged mail came also Rumor —

'Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum,'

and an hundred gossips bent their ears to hear all, and more than I knew myself.

Then came the trial of my independence; for my mother came and whispered in my boyish ear that I had erred; that a thousand things testified to my rashness; that my elder brother had long been gone, no one knew where, and that I alone was left to honor and obey the voice parental.

Like ice in sun-light, all my visions of romance disappeared. The later bond of love must give way — and it did — before the elder claim. The tie was severed as completely by one letter as before its union; and all that now is left me is the tear upon the page that set me free.

Soon, wearied with his tarrying, my brother came again into our midst. I knew him not as brother, for he had been long away; but upon his bed — alas! the last! — I recognized my boarding-house friend. Pallid were his cheeks, and his pulse grew daily weaker; but ere he died he called me to his side, and drawing a ring from his finger, placed it in my hand saying, 'Take that; you will remember her.'

These were his last words. The ring bore the simple inscription, 'Addie.'

This was enough. My brother had been a successful suitor, after the barrier to my hopes had been interposed. Now, from the world's buffetings, all the actors in the above scene save myself are free, and around my head the storm gathers thick and fast. Wonder not that I am still an 'old bachelor!'

Rhaca, Sept., 1854.

O C T O B E R .

ONE summer night I saw the moon go down,
With eyes upturned in grateful joy to Heaven;
O'er the glad hope that filled my heart that even
The young orb floated like a silver crown.
But now, in autumn vapors almost hid,
It seems a funeral urn of burnished gold,
Gliding far downward to the waters cold,
With that sweet hope beneath its closed lid.
Still downward, imaged in the mournful river,
To the slow, solemn music of its roar,
Till the long sloping hills close darkly o'er,
Shutting it out from my fond gaze for ever.
Only the stars adown the western wave
Follow that dear hope to its autumn grave.

S. MARIE.

THE UNKNOWN BRAVE.

I.

A SOLDIER lay low on the field of his pride,
Life's hard battle o'er, and a long peace before him;
And he who so often grim DEATH had defied
Felt the swift, chilly blast from his wings rushing o'er him.

II.

The dark crimson tide burst in deadlier stream,
As with his last strength his faint body he raised;
And the light of his eye gave a flickering gleam
As for the last time on the fair world he gazed.

III.

How lovely it seemed to his sight, waning dim!
Though around him the dead and the wounded were lying;
And oh! 't was a thousand times dearer to him,
When he thought of his *country*, for which he was dying.

IV.

Then came the sad thoughts of his home — of his wife,
Loving children, and friends he should never see more;
And a tear streamed adown his wan cheek, not for life,
But for those left behind him, his death to deplore.

V.

He turned his last look to the bright golden West,
Where the sun and the world were just bidding farewell;
With his last murmured breath his dear country he blest,
Then in Death's peaceful sleep on the battle-field fell.

VI.

Ah! many a true-hearted hero, and brave
As any whom FAME'S mighty trumpet hath blown,
Has sunk, thus unhonored, alone to his grave,
His name and his deeds to his fellows unknown.

VII.

Green, green grow the grass o'er his cold, earthy bed!
May the wild-flowers of Nature the monument be
Of the patriot who thus for his country has bled,
And drawn his last breath in the cause of 'the free!'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

POEMS BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. In one volume, of one hundred and eighty-nine pages. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE readers of this Magazine are not unacquainted with the rare gifts of the author of this modest but most meritorious volume. They will call to mind, in turning over its fair pages, with the Boston stamp of beautiful typographical execution, many a poetical gem which first saw the 'light of type' through the KNICKERBOCKER. The volume opens with four 'Poetical Letters,' originally addressed through our pages to SAMUEL ROGERS, CHARLES KEMBLE, EDWARD MOXON, and WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. In a playful preface to these, the author says:

'TEN years and more! — it seems a weary time
Since first these fancies took their shape of rhyme;
And some who praised, and many more that read
The trifling lines are written with the dead.

What was their drift? — A whim, without a plan,
To feign myself a wandering Englishman:
To imagine how he felt, and what he thought;
How *we* had felt, perchance, if English taught:
Had we at Harrow or at Eton learned
That fine freemasonry that is not earned
By bookish toil in colleges at home,
Nor all the schools from Gottingen to Rome:
Something fastidious — call it, if you will,
Insular pride — but something genial still;
Something satirical — yet common-sense —
That sees through pedantry, puts down pretence,
Knows its own nonsense, and forgiveth yours,
Calls folly by its name — and yet endures:
Good-humored wisdom, that can read the lie
Of the false world, nor be enraged thereby,
But keep its temper and its truth unmoved,
Though boobies triumph, and the quack's approved.'

In the epistle to LANDOR, at Florence, occur these stanzas, contrasting our present America with the 'dead past' of Italy, her enchantments of art, and her 'storied seas.' They have often struck us as being very raceful:

- 'No such a spell the charmed adventurer guides
Who seeks those ruins hid in Yucatan,
Where through the tropic forest, silent, glides,
By crumbled fane and idol, slow Copan.
- 'There, as the weedy pyramid he climbs,
Or views, mid groves that rankly wave above,
The work of nameless hands in unknown times,
Much wakes his wonder — nothing stirs his love.
- 'Art's rude beginnings, wheresoever found,
The same dull chord of feeling faintly strike;
The Druid's pillar, and the Indian mound,
And Uxmal's monuments, are mute alike.
- 'Nor here, although the gorgeous year hath brought
Crimson October's beautiful decay,
Can all this loveliness inspire a thought
Beyond the marvels of the fleeting day.
- 'For here the Present overpowers the Past;
No recollections to these woods belong,
(O'er which no minstrelsy its veil hath cast,)
To rouse our worship or supply my song.
- 'But this will come; the necromancer Age
Shall round the wilderness his glory throw;
Hudson shall murmur through the poet's page,
And in his numbers more superbly flow.
- 'Enough — 't is more than midnight by the clock;
Manhattan dreams of dollars, all abed:
With you, dear WALTER, 't is the crow of cock,
And o'er Fièsole the skies are red.
- 'Good-night! yet stay — both longitudes to suit,
Your own returning, and my absent light,
Thus let me bid our mutual salute;
To you, *buon giorno* — to myself, good night!'

Many of our readers have encountered the stanzas '*On a Bust of Dante*' already, for they appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER years ago; but for the enjoyment of those who have *not* seen them, we re-produce them here. And we are the more glad to do this, because we perceive the same exquisite lines in journals of wide circulation, wrongfully attributed to the pen of GERALD MASSEY, a young English poet, just rising into honorable renown:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>'SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.</p> <p>'Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any BEATRICE see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?</p> | <p>'The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsoiled still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.</p> <p>'Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim-guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.*</p> |
|--|--|

* 'It is told of DANTE that when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire; to which the weary stranger simply answered, '*Pace*.'

'Peace dwells not here: this rugged face
 Betrays no spirit of repose;
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,
 The marble man of many woes.
 Such was his mien when first arose
 The thought of that strange tale divine,
 When hell he peopled with his foes,
 The scourge of many a guilty line.

'War to the last he waged with all
 The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
 Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
 Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth:

He used Rome's harlot for his mirth:
 Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
 But valiant souls of knightly worth
 Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

'O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
 The only righteous judge art thou;
 That poor old exile, sad and lone,
 Is Latium's other VIRGIL now:
 Before his name the nations bow;
 His words are parcel of mankind,
 Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
 The marks have sunk of DANTE'S mind.'

Among the miscellaneous poems is one upon the 'Hudson River;' and as we look out upon it at this moment, at its widest part, through the soft October haze, and its banks of many-colored woods, with white villas gleaming among the trees, we *feel* that, as the old maid said of Niagara, it *deserves* to be 'highly spoken of.' Referring to the book for the poem in its entirety, we content ourselves with the subjoined passage. The previous stanza has allusion to Scotland:

'A few of Hudson's more majestic hills
 Might furnish forests for the whole of thine,
 Hide in thick shade all Humber's feeding rills,
 And darken all the fountains of the Tyne.

'Name all the floods that pour from Albion's heart,
 To float her citadels that crowd the sea,
 In what, except the meaner pomp of Art,
 Sublimier Hudson! can they rival thee?

'Could boastful Thames with all his riches buy,
 To deck the strand which London loads with gold,
 Sunshine so bright — such purity of sky —
 As bless thy sultry season and thy cold?

'No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
 In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful claim
 Have hung a history on every tree,
 And given each rock its fable and a fame.

'But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
 Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;
 No horrors feigned of giant or of god
 Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

'Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
 The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
 The cottage ruined, and the shrine defaced,
 Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

'Yet, O Antiquity! the stranger sighs,
 'Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
 The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
 Where all is fair indeed — but all is new.'

'False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?
 To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
 Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
 More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

'Call not this new which is the only land
 That wears unchanged the same primeval face
 Which, when just dawning from its MAKER'S hand,
 Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

'Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden toward the unknown south,
Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth.'

With much that is tender and touching, there are yet playful effusions, which we should be happy to quote, did our limits permit. Of these the '*Lines to a Lady, with a Head of Pope Pius Ninth*,' and '*Saint Peray*,' are good examples. But our tether begins to pull, and we must close; simply adding that our readers will be doing themselves a very great pleasure by the acquisition of this tasteful volume.

CAPTAIN CANOT: OR, TWENTY YEARS OF AN AFRICAN SLAYER: Being an Account of his Career and Adventures on the Coast, in the Interior, on Shipboard, and in the West-Indies. Written out and edited from the CAPTAIN'S Journals, Memoranda, and Conversation. By BRANTZ MAYER, Esq., of Baltimore. In one volume: pp. 448. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

In a long and interesting dedicatory epistle to N. P. WILLIS, Esq., of 'Idlewild,' on the Hudson, Mr. MAYER — a spirited writer, whom we have regretted not to find more frequently before the public — gives an account of the manner in which he came to prepare the volume before us. He was introduced to its hero by Dr. JAMES HALL, the distinguished founder and first governor of the colony at Cape Palmas, who pronounced him, aside from his profession of slaver, as a man of unquestionable integrity. So striking were the incidents of his adventurous life, and so true its delineations of African character, that at the advice of Mr. HALL, a copious memorandum was prepared, from which the present work has been written out by Mr. MAYER for the public. The author says:

'ENTERTAINING as the story might have been for a large class of readers, I would not have composed a line for the mere gratification of scandalous curiosity. My conversations with CANOT satisfied me that his disclosures were more thoroughly candid than those of any one who has hitherto related his connection with the traffic. I thought that the evidence of one who, for twenty years, played the chief part in such a drama, was of value to society, which is making up its mind, not only about a great political and domestic problem, but as to the nature of the race itself. I thought that a true picture of aboriginal Africa — unstirred by progress — unmodified by reflected civilization — full of the barbarism that blood and tradition have handed down from the beginning, and embalmed in its prejudices, like the corpses of Egypt — could not fail to be of incalculable importance to philanthropists who regard no people as beyond the reach of enlightenment.

'The completed task rises before me like a moving panorama, whose scenery and background are the ocean and tropics, and whose principal actor combines the astuteness of FOUCHÉ with the dexterity of GIL BLAS. I have endeavored to set forth his story as plainly as possible, letting events instead of descriptions develop a checkered life which was incessantly connected with desperate men of both colors. As he unmasked his whole career, and gave me leave to use the incidents, I have not dared to hide what the actor himself displayed no wish to conceal. Beside, the sketches of character which familiarize us with the aboriginal negro in Africa, there is a good moral in the resultless life, which, after all its toils, hazards, and successes, leaves the adventurer a stranded wreck in the prime of manhood. One-half the natural capacity, employed industriously in lawful commerce, would have made the Captain comfortable and independent.'

Mr. MAYER is right in the assumption that 'there is not much to attract

in the singular abnegation of civilized happiness in a slaver's career,' or that 'his story is likely to seduce or educate a race of slavers.' The numerous extracts from this 'Twenty Years of an African Slaver,' which have appeared in the journals of the United States, attest the great interest of the various and exciting adventures of which the work is composed. We have only to add that Mr. MAYER's style is singularly well adapted to be the amanuensis. He catches the spirit of a scene and records it with as much naturalness as if he himself were the actor whose deeds he is depicting. The illustrations, of which there are several, are very good.

POEMS AND BALLADS BY GERALD MASSEY. Printed from the Third London edition. In one volume: pp. 228. New-York: J. C. DERBY, Nassau street. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

WE mention this volume, (which contains several new poems, and is revised and corrected by the author,) not so much for criticising or quoting from it, since that has been sufficiently performed by the public press generally, as to present a few facts connected with the history of the author, who is now only twenty-five years of age. His father was and still is a canal-boatman, near London, working for ten shillings a week. His mother was a noble, intelligent woman, but *her* 'struggles of the poor' are over. GERALD MASSEY, at eight years of age, went into a silk manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; up in the gray dawn, or in the winter before light, and trudging to the factory through the wind or in the snow, seeing the sun only through the factory windows, and breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapor. 'What a life for a child!' sure enough! — 'what a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful play-time!' — and all for sometimes less than a shilling a week! The mill was at length burned down, and poor GERALD, who had never known what childhood meant, having never *had* any, became an errand-boy. But he had been to a penny-school, had learned to read the BIBLE and BUNYAN'S 'Pilgrim's Progress;' then 'ROBINSON CRUSOE,' and other the like books; and so on, until he 'read at all possible times, and in all possible places;' at book-stalls, in his bed till three in the morning; insatiate in his thirst for knowledge; and in this way, by toilsome degrees, he came not only to read good works, but himself to 'indite a good matter,' which brought him before the public, and onward to his present repute as a 'teacher through the heart.' And now hear how such a man — schooled in adversity at such an early age, and still so comparatively young — speaks of himself:

'SHOULD the heart of a poor man break into song, it is likely that his poverty may turn into hailstones that which might have fallen on the world in fructifying rain. A poor man, fighting his battle of life, has little time for the rapture of repose which poetry demands. He cannot take poetry, like a bride, to his heart and home, and devote a life to her service. He can only keep some innermost chamber of his heart sacred for her, from whence he gets occasional glimpses of her wondrous beauty, when he can steal

away from the outward strife, like some child who has found a treasure, and steals aside to look on it in secret and alone, lest rude and importunate companions should snatch it from the possessor's hands. Considering all things, it may appear madness for a poor man to attempt poetry in the face of the barriers that surround him. So many hearts have been broken, so many lives have been wasted, so many lions are in the way of the Gate Beautiful, and so many wrecks lie by the path! And so it is—a diseased madness, or a divine one. If the disease, then there is no help for a man: if the divine, then there is no hindrance for him.

Who would not pity the poor versifier at the outset of his career? But who would not also rejoice with him in the end, when the world crowns him a poet with pæans of acclaim? And, in spite of all things, there will be poetry in the midst of poverty. Even as there is scarcely a space in the world so barren but some plot of natural richness will be running all to flowers; some type of loveliness will be starting up from Earth's inner Sea of Beauty, even in waste and wilderness, on rock and ruin, in Alpine snows and sandy solitudes; so is it with poetry, the flower of humanity. It will continually be springing, in its own natural way, in the most bleak and barren by-ways of the world, as well as in the richest and most cultivated pastures. The winds of heaven, or the birds of God, will drop the seed, and the flower will follow, even though sown amid the bushes and brambles of the obscurest hamlet, or in the crevices of the city pavement. . . . Beside, it is not while the fight is raging, and the struggle is sore, that the poet can sing. He must first do battle and overcome, climb from the stir and strife, and be able to watch from his mountain where he dwells apart. The fullest and rarest streams of poetry only flow through a mind at peace. The mirror of the poet's soul must be calm and clear: else it will give forth distorted reflections and false imaginings.

Had I known, when I began to write verses, what I know now, I think I should have been intimidated, and not have begun at all. So many and so glorious are the luminaries already up and shining, that one would pause before hoisting a rushlight. But I was ignorant of these things. And as I have begun, and conquered some preliminary difficulties—as I have been sweated down to the proper jockey-weight at which I can ride Pegasus with little danger of spraining his wings—and as a purpose has gradually and unconsciously grown upon me, I dare say I shall go on, making the best of my limited materials, with the view of writing some songs that may become dear to the hearts of the people, cheering them in their sorrows, voicing their aspirations, lighting them on the way up which they are groping darkly after better things, and saluting their triumphs with hymns of victory!

I cannot conclude without thanking those critics who have given me so generous a welcome. And I would also thank those who have not spared my faults, or dwelt tenderly on my failings. They, also, have done me good, and I am grateful for it. Friendly praise is somewhat like a warm bath—apt to enervate, especially if we stay in too long; but friendly censure is like a cold bath, bracing and healthful, though we are always glad to get out of it. Some of the critics have called me a 'poet'; but that word is much too lightly spoken, much too freely bandied about. I know what a poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature; nor would I have the poet's awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow. I may have that something within which kindles flame-like at the breath of Love, or mounts into song in the presence of Beauty; but alas! mine is a 'jarring lyre.' If I were a critic, I should be savagely severe on this subject. The dearth of poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets such as have been crowned of late.

For myself, I have only entered the lists, and inscribed my name: the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it, and win the poet's crown, or not, time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe. The crowns of poetry are not in the keeping of critics. There have been many who have given some signs of promise—just set a rainbow of hope in the dark cloud of their life—and never fulfilled their promise; and the world has wondered why. But it might not have been matter of wonder if the world could have read what was written behind the cloud. Others, again, are songful in youth, like the nightingales in spring, who soon cease to sing, because they have to build nests, rear their young, and provide for them; and so the songs grow silent; the heart is full of cares, and the dreamer has no time to dream. I hope that my future holds some happier fate. I think there is a work for me to do, and I trust to accomplish it.

There, reader: you can form your own idea whether a man who puts such poetry in his prose, as is contained in the above noble and manly passages, can write poetry or not. 'Any way,' we are not going to quote a single line for you. *Buy* the book. You'll read it 'fast enough.'

DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH IDIOMS: illustrating, by Phrases and Examples, the Peculiarities of both Languages. By J. ROEMER, Professor of the French Language and Literature in the New-York Free Academy. New-York: F. J. HUNTINGTON, and MASON BROTHERS.

THE long winter evenings are approaching when the French classes will be resumed in our good city; and we shall find no better season wherein to commend the above excellent work to the favor of the public, which has been most ably prepared by its accomplished author, 'with the view of enabling the American to translate his own language into grammatical, idiomatical, written, and colloquial French, and of rendering it equally useful for the library, the parlor, and the counting-house, as well as the school-room. Such phrases have been selected in preference as relate to literature, the fine arts, and commerce, beside conversational expressions, and terms of etiquette in established use. These have been carefully classified and translated into French, according to the rules of grammar and the usage of polite society: in such cases, when the sense is liable to be affected by the context or circumstances, the translation is made in as many forms or synonymous expressions as are necessary to illustrate the various shades of meaning in which the term may occur.' In doing this the compiler has brought together in an accessible shape the vast treasures of learning scattered through numerous and rare volumes which, from their bulk and cost, have hitherto been out of the reach of American students of *the* language of Europe.

THE MASTER'S HOUSE: A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE. By 'LOGAN.' Illustrated by Drawings from Life. In one volume: pp. 392. New-York: T. L. McELRATH AND COMPANY.

'EVENTS of every-day life are constantly occurring,' says the author of this work, in his brief preface, 'which, if recorded, would make more thrilling histories than many of the volumes which aspire to have no other character than that of romantic interest, produced at the sacrifice, if needs be, of every other quality. In the present book a truthful story of Southern life has been conscientiously recorded; one not unusual in the country of its location, yet most deeply interesting for the many morals its details naturally suggest.' We have read 'The Master's House,' and find in it many isolated sketches which cannot fail to attract and reward the attention of the reader. The author, who has written much of the South and Southwest, where he has long resided, and where his sketches of life and character in those regions have become deservedly popular, has a keen eye for nature and a quick perception of strong and marked traits of individual character. We cannot say that we greatly affect certain portions of the work, which seem to have been suggested by the success which attended similar descriptions in a previous volume of wide celebrity: we cannot but regard these 'Uncle Tom'-itudes as over-done in quantity, if not in execution. Such graphic

pictures as that of the duel between Colonel LEE and Mr. MILDMAI, which, from its inception to its termination, is most dramatically wrought out, will to a much greater degree arrest the attention and secure the interest of the reader. We have tried hard to find space for this exciting sketch, but must refer our readers to the work itself, if they would compass its perusal—a circumstance which they will not regret. The illustrations and the execution of the volume are creditable to the enterprise and care of the publishers.

LITERARY RECREATIONS AND MISCELLANIES. By JOHN G. WHITTIER, Author of 'MARGARET SMITH'S Journal,' 'Old Portraits,' etc. In one volume: pp. 431. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

In a modest prefatory note the author of this excellent volume informs his readers that most of the pieces of which it is composed were originally written for the newspapers with which he has been editorially or otherwise connected; that they were 'penned at widely different periods, and under every variety of mood and circumstance.' No 'apology' was needed for the light and playful tone of some of the pieces: they are the very best portions of the book, and will find thousands of admirers, and no dissentient voices; but when the author writes upon his favorite theme of slavery, he uses an iron stylus as big as a crow-bar, that goes ploughing through the paper on which he records his 'pet convictions.' Such matter is not only hard writing, but it is hard reading to multitudes who would be delighted with such papers as 'Mirth and Medicine,' 'My Summer with Dr. SINGLETARY,' 'The Great Ipswich Fright,' 'Charms and Fairy Faith,' etc. In one of the best and most appreciative reviews of Dr. HOLMES' writings under the head we have first named above, appears the following. The passage commends *itself* to the reader:

'If any of our readers (and at times we fear it is the case with all) need amusement, and the wholesome alternative of a hearty laugh, we commend them, not to Dr. HOLMES the physician, but to Dr. HOLMES the scholar, the wit, and the humorist; not to the scientific medical professor's barbarous Latin, but to his poetical prescriptions, given in choice old Saxon. We have tried them, and are ready to give the Doctor certificates of their efficacy.

'Looking at the matter from the point of theory only, we should say that a physician could not be otherwise than melancholy. A merry doctor! Why one might as well talk of a laughing death's-head—the cackinnation of a monk's *memento mori*. This life of ours is sorrowful enough at its best estate; the brightest phase of it is 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast' of the future or the past. But it is the special vocation of the doctor to look only upon the shadow; to turn away from the house of feasting and go down to that of mourning; to breathe day after day the atmosphere of wretchedness; to grow familiar with suffering; to look upon humanity disrobed of its pride and glory, robbed of all its fictitious ornaments—weak, helpless, naked—and undergoing the last fearful metempsychosis from its erect and god-like image, the living temple of an enshrined divinity, to the loathsome clod and the inanimate dust. Of what ghastly secrets of moral and physical disease is he the depositary! There is woe before him and behind him; he is hand and glove with misery by prescription—the *ex officio* gauger of 'the ills that flesh is heir to.' He has no home, unless it be at the bed-side of the querulous, the splenetic, the sick, and the dying. He sits down to carve his turkey, and is summoned off to a *post-mortem* examination of another sort. All the diseases which MILTON's imagination embodied in the lazar-house dog his foot-steps and

pluck at his door-bell. Hurrying from one place to another at their beck, he knows nothing of the quiet comfort of the 'sleek-headed men who sleep o' nights.' His wife, if he has one, has an undoubted right to advertise him as a deserter of 'bed and board.' His ideas of beauty, the imaginations of his brain, and the affections of his heart are regulated and modified by the irrepressible associations of his luckless profession. Woman as well as man is to him of the earth, earthy. He sees incipient disease where the uninitiated see only delicacy. A smile reminds him of his dental operations; a blushing cheek, of his hectic patients; pensive melancholy is dyspepsia; sentimentalism, nervousness. Tell him of love-lorn hearts, of the 'worm i' the bud,' of the mental impalement upon Cupid's arrow, like that of a giaeour upon the spear of a janizary, and he can only think of lack of exercise, of tight lacing, and slippers in winter. SHERIDAN seems to have understood all this, if we may judge from the lament of his Doctor, in 'St. PATRICK'S Day,' over his deceased help-mate. 'Poor, dear DOLLY!' says he, 'I shall never see her like again. Such an arm for a bandage! veins that seemed to invite the lancet! Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than that of a penny vial; and her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was only a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her dear pearls. [*Weeps.*] But what avails her beauty? She has gone, and left no little babe to hang like a label on papa's neck!'

'So much for speculation and theory. In practice it is not so bad after all. The grave-digger in HAMLET has his jokes and grim jests. We have known many a jovial sexton; and we have heard clergymen laugh heartily at small provocation close on the heel of a cool calculation that the great majority of their fellow-creatures were certain of going straight to perdition. Why, then, should not even the doctor have his fun? Nay, is it not his duty to be merry, by main force if necessary? SOLOMON, who, from his great knowledge of herbs, must have been no mean practitioner for his day, tells us that 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine;' and universal experience has confirmed the truth of his maxim. Hence it is, doubtless, that we have so many anecdotes of facetious doctors, distributing their pills and jokes together, shaking at the same time the contents of their vials and the sides of their patients. It is merely professional; a trick of the practice, unquestionably, in most cases; but some times it is a 'natural gift,' like that of the 'bone-setters,' and 'scrofula-strokers,' and 'cancer-curers,' who carry on a sort of guerilla war with human maladies. Such we know to be the case with Dr. HOLMES. He was born for the 'laughter-cure' as certainly as PREISSNITZ was for the 'water-cure,' and has been quite as successful in his way, while his prescriptions are infinitely more agreeable.'

We remember hearing a man—and our author has known him from his very birth up to this hour—who, in crossing from Hoboken to the great city one glorious autumn evening many years ago, when the heavens were a-glow with the gorgeous clouds that pavilioned the setting sun, make use of much the same language that is here employed by Dr. SINGLETARY. We know 'the Doctor' well. He *used* to write for the KNICKERBOCKER:

'Ah! yes,' said the Doctor; 'I understand it; it is the voice of the pines yonder—a sort of morning song of praise to the GIVER of life and MAKER of beauty. My ear is dull now, and I cannot hear it; but I know it is sounding on as it did when I first climbed up here in the bright June mornings of boyhood, and it will sound on just the same when the deafness of the grave shall settle upon my failing senses. Did it never occur to you that this deafness and blindness to accustomed beauty and harmony is one of the saddest thoughts connected with the great change which awaits us? Have you not felt at times that our ordinary conceptions of heaven itself, derived from the vague hints and Oriental imagery of the Scriptures, are sadly inadequate to our human wants and hopes? How gladly would we forego the golden streets and gates of pearl, the thrones, temples, and harps, for the sunset lights of our native valleys; the wood-paths, whose moss carpets are woven with violets and wild-flowers; the songs of birds, the low of cattle, the hum of bees in the apple-blossom—the sweet familiar voices of human life and nature! In the place of strange splendors and unknown music, should we not welcome rather whatever reminded us of the common sights and sounds of our old home?'

'You touch a sad chord, Doctor,' said I. 'Would that we could feel assured of the eternity of all we love!'

'And have I not an assurance of it at this very moment?' returned the Doctor. 'My outward ear fails me; yet I seem to hear as formerly the sound of the wind in the pines. I close my eyes, and the picture of my home is still before me. I see the green hill-slope and meadows; the white shaft of the village steeple springing up from the midst of maples and elms: the river, all a-fire with sun-shine; the broad, dark belt of wood-land; and, away beyond, all the blue level of the ocean. And now, by a sin-

gle effort of will, I can call before me a winter picture of the same scene. It is morning as now; but how different! All night has the white meteor fallen, in broad flake or minutest crystal, the sport and play-thing of winds that have wrought it into a thousand shapes of wild beauty. Hill and valley, tree and fence, wood-sled and well-sweep, barn and pig-sty, fishing-smacks frozen up at the wharf, ribbed monsters of dismantled hulks scattered along the river side, all lie transfigured in the white glory and sunshine. The eye, wherever it turns, aches with the cold brilliance, unrelieved save where the blue smoke of morning fires curl lazily up from the Parian roofs, or where the main channel of the river, as yet unfrozen, shows its long winding line of dark water glistening like a snake in the sun. Thus you perceive that the spirit sees and hears without the aid of bodily organs; and why may it not be so hereafter? Grant but memory to us, and we can lose nothing by death. The scenes now passing before us will live in eternal reproduction, created anew at will. We assuredly shall not love heaven the less that it is separated by no impassable gulf from this fair and goodly earth, and that the pleasant pictures of time linger like sun-set clouds along the horizon of eternity. When I was younger, I used to be greatly troubled by the insecure tenure by which my senses held the beauty and harmony of the outward world. When I looked at the moon-light on the water, or the cloud-shadows on the hills, or the sun-set sky, with the tall black tree-boles and waving foliage relieved against it, or when I heard a mellow gush of music from the brown-breasted fife-bird in the summer woods, or the merry quaver of the bobolink in the corn-land, the thought of an eternal loss of these familiar sights and sounds would sometimes thrill through me with a sharp and bitter pain. I have reason to thank God that this fear no longer troubles me. Nothing that is really valuable and necessary for us can ever be lost. The present will live hereafter; memory will bridge over the gulf between the two worlds; for only on the condition of their intimate union can they preserve our identity and personal consciousness. Blot out the memory of this world, and what would heaven or hell be to us? Nothing whatever. Death would be simple annihilation of our actual selves, and the substitution thereof of a new creation, in which we should have no more interest than in an inhabitant of Jupiter or the fixed stars.

The elder, who had listened silently thus far, not without an occasional and apparently involuntary manifestation of dissent, here interposed.

‘Pardon me, my dear friend,’ said he, ‘but I must needs say that I look upon speculations of this kind, however ingenious or plausible, as unprofitable, and well-nigh presumptuous. For myself, I only know that I am a weak, sinful man, accountable to and cared for by a just and merciful God. What He has in reserve for me hereafter I know not, nor have I any warrant to pry into His secrets. I do not know what it is to pass from one life to another; but I humbly hope that, when I am sinking in the dark waters, I may hear His voice of compassion and encouragement, ‘It is I; be not afraid!’”

‘Amen!’ said the skipper, solemnly.

‘I dare say the parson is right, in the main,’ said the Doctor. ‘Poor creatures at the best, it is safer for us to trust, like children, in the goodness of our heavenly FATHER, than to speculate too curiously in respect to the things of a future life; and, notwithstanding all I have said, I quite agree with good old Bishop HALL: ‘It is enough for me to rest in the hope that I shall one day see them; in the mean time let me be learnedly ignorant and incuriously devout, silently blessing the power and wisdom of my infinite CREATOR, who knows how to honor HIMSELF by all those unrevealed and glorious subordinations.’”

Our quotations are somewhat long, but we must venture upon one more, which we make from the pleasant piece entitled ‘*Charms and Fairy Faith*,’ which we have just read by a wood-fire blazing up an old-fashioned broad-backed fire-place on this rainy October day:

‘In many a green valley of rural New-England there are children yet; boys and girls are still to be found not quite overtaken by the march of mind. There, too, are huskings, and apple-bees, and quilting-parties, and huge old-fashioned fire-places piled with crackling walnut, flinging its rosy light over happy countenances of youth, and scarcely less happy age. If it be true that, according to CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, ‘a wood-fire doth drive away dark spirits,’ it is nevertheless also true that around it the simple superstitions of our ancestors still love to linger; and there the half-sportful, half-serious charms of which I have spoken are oftenest resorted to. It would be altogether out of place to think of them by our black, unsightly stoves, or in the dull and dark monotony of our furnace-heated rooms. Within the circle of the light of the open fire safely might the young conjurors question destiny; for none but kindly and gentle messengers from wonder-land could venture among them.’

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'UNCLE REUBEN,' THE JOKING REFORMER. — We have another chapter in the career of old 'Uncle REUBEN,' wherein that inveterate practical joker turns his whimsical propensity to a high 'moral' account:

'PRACTICAL jokes,' said 'Uncle REUBEN,' 'are never to be played but as a punishment for offences, and especially for those offences which there is no law to remedy. A joke upon a deserving party, if *contrary* to law, is not only wrong in itself, but fosters the mob spirit which turns law out of office. A practical joke, when deserved by the victim, for offences for which the law does not hold him answerable, is *justice itself*, and carries justice beyond law, and in a manner not illegal. If the joke is for an offence *against* law, and the victim is not punished *by* law, he should thank his stars for it; for his punishment is less and yet more effective—for good-nature and love of justice, with a sprinkling of mercy and a small invoice of fun, always prompt it. If the joke be *contrary* to law, though deserved, the victim has the advantage, for he can deal with the offender with the same weapons, and also legally.

'Now, suppose A B should publish in his paper all the particulars of my offering my hand to Miss — hem! (excuse me not putting down the initials;) and how I — no matter; suppose he publishes the *whole story*, and makes me the laughing-stock of all the town; what am I to do? He has broken no law. The law will not punish him. Now, I ask if I am not permitted, nay *bound*, to bring that rascal of an A B to his senses by a practical joke, which is not contrary to law? I will not take *revenge*, for revenge is justice run mad; but why should I not mete out a little justice to him with proper spirit?'

'What a breeze it would have raised, and how the kite-strings would have snapped in our village, if 'Uncle REUBEN' had prosecuted at law Dr. CLARK'S son BARNEY, twelve years old, for robbing his hens'-nests! It was petty larceny surely. A fine or imprisonment would have been the result of a trial. Hens might have rejoiced at it, and cackled with more propriety and spirit over their eggs; but Dr. CLARK would have felt a perpetual blister on his bosom, and old friendships would have been dissolved.

'He served him thus: The readers of the KNICKERBOCKER may not be aware that in these parts, on the first of June, the boys have an 'election,' when the party or 'side' that produces the smallest number of villainous birds'-eggs, (that is, eggs of those birds whose moral character stands bad in the community,) is mulct by agreement in a sumptuous treat. The excitement generally rages very high.

'On such a day, 'Uncle' observed the aforesaid BARNEY with his hat full of eggs, carefully poised on the top of his head, cautiously proceeding to the scene of festivities. Now BARNEY had robbed divers robins' nests in 'Uncle's' orchard, and was about to swear in the eggs as *cat-birds' eggs*, when 'Uncle' met him, as a whaleman would say, 'head and head.' With his benevolent smile and courteous demeanor, and with a hearty and familiar slap of his heavy hand upon the apex of that hat, which crushed every egg in it, and with a pleasant and quizzical look, he inquired of BARNEY, 'Whose boy are you?'

'The trickling eggs mingled with BARNEY's tears and sorrowfully descended to the ground, a sad comment upon the crushed hopes of birds and boys. 'The fondest hopes of men and mice,' etc.

'The only comfort 'Uncle' bestowed upon BARNEY was the remark 'that such accidents, by a kind Providence, seldom fell but upon the deserving; and that if he had truly deserved that misfortune, he hoped he would never deserve another.' To add force to the lesson, BARNEY's side was beaten by a slight majority, which would have been handsomely overcome but for the accident.

'Reader, are you any body's boy? And what do you think of 'Uncle REUBEN'S philosophy?'

'Take another example. On a cool November day, 'Uncle' was repairing the flume of the EDSON forge, and like others of that day, carried with him a bottle of good Santa-Cruz. His Santa-Cruz being known to be of prime quality, Mr. COBB and Mr. MORSE took occasion to *borrow* as much as they thought they could conveniently carry without 'Uncle's' knowledge. The liquor being of extra quality, got the advantage of them, which 'Uncle' perceived. Nothing went right; they were very cross, and cared little for 'Uncle's' directions. They insisted he was doing things all wrong, and they were alone right.

'At last, 'Uncle' began, in a style far beyond my powers of imitation, to give an account of the suffering occasioned by the continuous dropping of water upon the head. That it *was said* people could not long endure it; that bold and strong-minded men had frequently tried, etc., etc. Both Mr. COBB and Mr. MORSE differed from 'Uncle,' as a matter of course. 'Uncle' was ready to bet that neither of them could endure a small stream of water on their heads for any length of time; and it was finally agreed that 'Uncle' should give a pint of good Santa-Cruz to the one who stood under the stream of water, of the size of a spike-gimlet, for the greatest length of time. The hole was made. Mr. COBB stood it ten minutes, and became more sober. Mr. MORSE stood it fifteen minutes, and was drenched through. He began to call for the Santa-Cruz; but 'Uncle' decided that Mr. COBB could try it again if he chose; and after some joking and persuasion that none but 'Uncle' knew how to use, Mr. COBB again stepped under the falling water — time, twenty minutes. During all this time, MORSE stood on the bank, shaking with the cold. They were effectually sobered, and now they contended for the liquor to take off the chill and prevent taking cold. COBB stood it twenty-five minutes, and MORSE again stepped under the stream, when the working-hours being about over, 'Uncle' quietly left and informed his employer of the manner his journeymen were amusing themselves.

'The men in the forge found out what was going on, and all hands turned out to see. The overseer ordered MORSE off the premises, when he had stood it just the length of time Mr. COBB had; and as there was no resisting the amount of force actually applied, he wended his way home.

'Each on the following day claimed the Santa-Cruz, and 'Uncle' insisted that both *had received* it. If they would not accept of what they had actually received, why he would give them an additional pint, and bring a criminal complaint against them for petty larceny, for what they had stolen.

'They immediately came to the conclusion that the liquor had been *given* them.

'The liquor was well sold; and when the question arose in the 'Trade-Sale Company' whether MORSE and COBB were qualified for an election, (no one being eligible unless he had been at least the subject of *one* of 'Uncle's jokes,) a grave discussion ensued, and various definitions were given of a practical joke, which hereafter may be reported. It has, however, been considered that the decision in this case greatly dimmed the lustre of this famous institution.'

'PROFESSOR HANNIBAL' ON HIS TRAVELS. — We said in our last 'Gossipry' that we should keep an eye upon Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, then absent on a tour in Europe, and we have *done* so. Here are a few more extracts from his 'Observations,' especially among the 'higher circles' in England:

'I *LUFF* off in my last pistle to you, when I started to go and find de man dat hires de close in which furriners hab to dress up to be presented at kort. Well, arter sarchin up and down de 'treet, and gittin' a haff a dozen policers to read de kard wid de adress 'pon it, I at lass found de place, de man, and de close at de same time. De gemman war berry perlite, and I found no difucalty in fittin my shape, notinstandin' de feller at de door ob de Buck ob Dakingham's palace did n't like it. Kort did n't set dat night, or, in odder words, Mrs. COBURG, de lubly QUEEN, did n't recebe company till free nights arter: you see kort sets wid de gentry in de nite time; so I made a corntract wid de gemman to send de close to my loging, so I cood dress up dar, and go up to de Duckingham Palace in full glory and a handsome cab. He said I must present my letters ob introcumducshun, if I had enny, to de nobility, 'efore de nite in dispute. So when I got home I looked 'mong my crimdentials and dar I found two, one from de kommittee to de Lord High Chandler, de man what furnishes de palace wid candles and one to de Arch-Bishop of Cranberry; and as neider was sealed, I took de liberty ob readin' 'em ober afore I took 'em to de gemman. . . . De truff hab better come out, as de Judge sed to de tief; and I is willin' to admit afore eny jury dat I war mity proud when I read dat letter. When I finished it I jumped into a cab and took it to de Arch-Bishop myseff, and as soon as he read my kerd he was 'hat 'ome,' so de feller in breeches and flour on he had tole me at de doe.

'I found de Arch-Bishop in a black gown and his studdy: studdy was de name on de doe ob de room he war in, and dats de way I node it. De Arch-Bishop was berry kind and talkatif. He was ebidently pleased wid de letter, kase he laft rite out in two or tree grins at a time; and when an Arch-Bishop laff you may bet your pile dar am sumfin' in de wind. I speckted he wood ax me 'bout church matters, and I was berry nerbus, kase all de church matters I nose am 'bout de bill due de carpenter for shinglin de skul-house whar I lectured on Long-Iland lass summer; but I was glad 'nuff to hollar rite out loud in de house when he sunk de church, and spoke 'bout de general prodick ob de country. 'I understand,' obserbed de Bishop, 'all your lectures, except your allusion to a peculiar kind of soup, which you seem to be very partial to, and which you might naturally expect at my table, but which I could not purchase, the materials being unknown in this country, and it has caused me much anxiety.'

Professor HANNIBAL inquires what soup is referred to, and being answered 'clam-soup,' the Arch-bishop asks 'where it *grows*;' whereupon ensues an explanation touching 'hard' and 'soft' clams, which the noble prelate is

informed divides the country into two great parties — the 'Hards' and the 'Softs.' The Professor praises the soup until the Arch-bishop's mouth waters: 'If de children ob ISRAEL PUTNAM,' he says, 'w'en dey war in de wilderness forty days, hab had on'y a few hundred clams, t'ings would hab been better wid dem!' Professor HANNIBAL attends a party in his honor, given by the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, whose princely mansion was decorated with paintings from scenes in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and ('sech bliss!') a full-length portrait of *himself*, painted for the occasion, over the mantle-piece. He was in 'high fig:'

'PUTTY soon de rooms war full. Dar wus de Lord Hie Admirer ob de Naby Yard, and de young Duke ob WALLOPEM, (whose fader wallop'd Brig-a-dig Gen. BONEYPART at de battle ob Watermelens, when ole BLUCHER come dat double game ob comin round de corner on him,) but he wus nowhar. I wus de Lion dat nite. De fader wus some pumkins, but he's all squash. De Lord Hie Keeper ob HER MAJESTY'S Poodle wus dar too, wid a sore-eyed wite puppy as a present from de QUEEN to de DUCHESS, but she refused de dog becase he wusnent black, as she had made up her mind to go de entire black since I hab ribed. De Lord Hie Poodle feller coodent shine mong de wite ladies neder, too: *I wus dar!* Prince ALBERT sent his 'coodent-cum' in a bit ob paper, wid a feller big nuff to tote a lode ob cotton. De QUEEN, she had de flam-flues and wus indispensably disposed, and she coodent cum. But dar wus crowds 'pon crowds widout dem, and I'll bet fifty clams against two biled crabs, dat we had more fun dan if dey had a bin dar, in all deir stately state ob stateliness.

'Ebbery body dat wus eny body wus present. Beside de home-made Dukes and Counts, dar wus sebrel furiners, dressed as if dey had come a purpose. Dar wus de German Count LOAFROUNDTOWN, Prince NOSHIRTSKY, Count HARDUPENOFF, and Barren RAMSNUFFTIGHSKYDONDERMASKENCHESEHOFF, F.R.S. Dat F.R.S. means *Fat, Ragged, and Sassy*, I tink, judging from de looks ob de Barren. At ten o'clock de band struck up, and at it we went. De ladies confessed dat dey hadent nebber seen no finished dancin till I struck deir hearts in de true old Warginny style. Ebbery yard ob calico danced wid me, and I danced wid dem!'

At the QUEEN's levée, the 'Professor' was even still more honored. We select a single passage from his description of it, which indicates a keen eye for 'externalities,' as THEODORE HOOK phrases it:

'As soon as de possession commenced to mobe in de room, de band up on de big shelf begin to play, and all de pepil jined in de train, walked round de room three times, to show dere close and wigs; den we all open'd rite and leff, and luff de Royal Family 'proach de throne, where HER MAJESTY took a seat and a pinch ob snuff. Den all de folks bowd to de QUEEN, den to each other, and goe'd and set down agin. De PRINCE took his stand along side HER MAJESTY, wid de snuff-box. De QUEEN don't like him to mingle wid de ladies at kort, kose he am sich a debil ob a feller 'mong dem, and dey sich debil ob fellers 'mong him too. She keeps him berry close to her apron-strings, and for all dat dere am more young ALBERTS runnin' round London dan would fill a meetin'-house.

'As soon as the QUEEN was cleverly seated, and all the Royal hie-arch fellers had taken their stand, cording to Hoile, de presentations begin: ebry body wus introcomduced to de Royal hie-arch chambermaid, and he introcomduced dem to her Royal Hieness. All de furrin rambassadors wus toted up, and kissed her hand, and fell back; and bom by it come my turn: my heart fluttered like a washerwoman's days' work on de line in December, but I node I hadent done nuffin bad, 'sept dressin up in dese close, and I pluck'd up my fitein apperatus, and wid de Dutchiss ob SUNDERLAND on de one side, and de hie arch Bishop on de oder, I walked up as bold as a sheep to a bunch ob clobber. As I mobed up de room, more dan a hundred eye-glasses took good aim at me, and de QUEEN herself leveled a pair at me dat must hab cost more den fibe dollars!'

'Arter axin me good many questions bout my future corse in futurity, she induced me to all de children and de PRINCE; den I kissed her hand, like de rest ob de crowd, and I fell back into obscurity to let a fat Dutch woman take my place. As I fell back, I seed a do'r open to an adjoinin room, and I seed a long table filled wid 'freshments, and folks a goin into 'em like a hungry crowd at a poor-house. I megitly boged for dat room, and de way I laid in a supper and shampain wus a kaushun to big eaters. Arter eatin and drinkin my full, I leff tru a different ball to what I entered, and I wer bowed out by at least a dozen big wigs and broad-tail'd coats.'

You will please to observe, reader, that amusing as all 'Professor HANNIBAL's 'observations' are, there is an *individuality* of 'colored satire' in them that 'can't be beat.' We are afraid that the 'Professor,' since his return from abroad, has been presented by Mr. ADOLPHUS WOLFE with a case of his '*Schiedam Schnaaps*.' Hear him on *that* topic :

'Now sum ob you wood like to noe de meanin ob Skedam, and Snaps, too ; and before I precede to ann-a-lize the stuff itseff, I'll ann-a-lize de name. I hab no dout dat you *all* tink it a wicked name, but it am n't. It am only named arter de toun it am made in, and de ole feller dat makes it. It am made at a big foundry in Holland, and you noe dat Holland am de most damd country wat dar am. Dar am notin but dams all tru it ; not mill-dams, sich as we hab, but dam places, sich as Rottendam, Amsterdam, Blozterdam, Skedam, and be dam ef I noe how many more. Well, de Snaps am made at de foundry in Skedam, by ole SKEDAM herseff, and dats wat makes it gin-ewine. Now, its curious to de foolosefor to obserbe de names ob different places and towns in de different countries ; and I ofin tink when I wake up nites wid de toof-ake, dat de charactumristicks ob a nation am shown conspicuously by de names de people gib dar touns and sities ; for instink, look at England. She's got her Plymouth, her Yarmouth, her Portsmouth, her Darkmouth, and in fack she's all month, which plainly shows dat she goes in for swallerin, which am true to de letter : de people swaller vitals four times a day, and beer forty. De nation swallers up de people by taxashun, and once it was tort she'd swaller de whole United States, but BUNKER's Hill was more dam even her mouth could take in. Dat's a fack ! It was too big a mouthfull for her ! You will recomlect dat she fust burned her mouth wid a cup ob tea in Boston harbor, and notwithstanding her big mouth, she got it slap'd on dat 'casion. Now, it am different wid Holland. She am as full ob dams as dis 'pistle, and she don't care for a dam from no body, bekase she's got nuff ob her own.'

CORRESPONDENCE : CORRECTION OF POPULAR ERRORS. — A distinguished friend and correspondent, high in the judicial councils of the State of Vermont, addresses us an exceedingly interesting epistle, from which we venture to segregate the annexed passages :

'I SAT down to write a word to correct, in one instance, a very common practice of attributing a good thing to the first man you happen to think of who might have been able to do it, or who would have been likely to under favorable auspices. Thus it occurs that all the 'good things' come to be set down to the credit of such as have enough already, and who would rather choose not to appear in borrowed plumes ; verifying the Scripture, 'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have in abundance.' Half the staple of anecdotes which are going the rounds of the newspapers either did not occur, or occurred under such different circumstances, as to be substantially false. One of the most glaring instances of this kind which I ever happened to notice, occurred during the last week in the Montreal correspondence of the *Boston Post*, upon the Reciprocity Treaty or Convention with Canada. But I forgave the *Post* when, a few days after, the Editor said the 'fair thing' of the Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER. Such a notice deservedly 'covers a multitude of sins.' But for the correspondent of the *Post*, I can excuse him for attributing all the wit in Congress to JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, since he is probably not aware that JOHN ever found his match there. But the author of the wit quoted is a man so little known as ARTHUR LIVERMORE, of New-Hampshire, who in his day was one of the first men of the age, and has been long retired from public life, and within the last two years laid his body to rest in the retired town of Holderness, among the mountains of his native State, upon one of the head branches of the beautiful Merrimack.

'I recollect to have noticed this anecdote many years ago, almost in my college-

days, and have often wondered that it attracted no more attention. It must have occurred nearly forty years ago, in the United States House of Representatives. The parties concerned were the late Mr. SMYTHE, of Virginia, one of the Commissioners at Ghent, if I rightly recollect; at all events, a man of eminence and distinction in his native State, the 'Old Dominion,' and greatly respected and deferred to in the councils of the nation. He was a man of some pretension and pomp, and who, on occasion, knew how to 'put on airs' to serve a purpose. He was a man who spoke often, and commanded always the attention of the House. Mr. LIVERMORE was a man of plainness and simplicity, but of great nerve and firmness, and could not bear to be pushed any more than the highest Southern blood. He did not often speak, but when he *did*, he commanded the most profound respect. He was a man of invariable directness of aim, and who despised the vulgar arts of rhetoric and political chicanery just about equally.

'It happened that some measure in which Mr. LIVERMORE took a deep interest was before the House, and the House in a good mood for favorable action; but Mr. SMYTHE, for some reason or other, was determined to talk it out of time. It became of the last importance to strangle him in some way, and this is an operation which a New-Hampshire man cannot ordinarily perform with much success upon a 'full-blooded' Virginian in the full tide of successful debate. But Mr. SMYTHE careered over the whole world at will, with no reference to the subject before the House; and at the close of one of his most eloquent and most satisfactory periods, Mr. LIVERMORE rose, and, in a tone of great firmness and determination, called the gentleman to order for thus wandering from the business before the House. The hot Virginian turned upon his New-Hampshire intruder with great wrath and affected contempt. He said 'He would teach the gentleman from New-Hampshire not thus to interrupt him. He was not speaking for the edification of that gentleman altogether, or of this House, indeed, but for all future time—for posterity!' 'Yes,' ejaculated LIVERMORE, in a voice which rang through the House like the whistle of a locomotive; 'yes, truly; and the gentlemen is in a fair way at this rate to have his audience before him before he gets through!'

'The effect was electric, and the House involuntarily broke out into a broad laugh, at Mr. SMYTHE's expense of course, which affected him so much at the moment that he was quite unable to gather up his scattered forces, and left posterity to get their own light in their own way, and sat down. And all this is now brought up as one of JOHN of Roanoke's best hits! Such is fame!

'One other, and I have done. The Episcopal Church papers have for the last few years been speculating a good deal upon the authorship of the hymns in their collection. Among others a versification of the litany, and one beginning

'WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,' etc.,

both most exquisite little gems of thought and taste, scarcely excelled by any thing in the language. Now, I had always supposed these beautiful odes to be the work of the late English Colonial Secretary, Sir CHARLES GRANT, subsequently Lord GLENELG, and still living, I think. But all the correspondents of the army of hymnologists write it down as a given point that the hymns are the production of Sir ROBERT GRANT, who, say they, is now Lord GLENELLY, a most obvious misprint for GLENELG. I was glad to see that Mrs. STOWE, in her 'Sunny Memories,' who chanced to meet Sir ROBERT GRANT, (who never was a lord at all, and who is only brother to the author of the hymns,) was enabled to comprehend *this* matter correctly, if nothing else.

R.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The welcome lady-correspondent, whose spirited letter will commend *itself* to the reader, will please accept our thanks for her favor, and for her gracious words touching this Magazine :

'Chateaugay Lake, Sept. 6th, 1854.

'MY DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: As I was lolling in my hammock by the side of our cabin this warm afternoon, enjoying the cool shade of the pine-trees and the delicious breezes from the lake, and watching the gentlemen who, tired with the morning hunt, lay stretched upon the ground in various comfortable if not graceful attitudes, all apparently too much occupied in the contemplation of the smoke-wreaths ascending from their fragrant Havanas to be very entertaining companions, I opened the September number of your Magazine, which, by the thoughtful kindness of a friend, had reached me thus early, even in the back-woods of Chateaugay; and as I listlessly turned over its pages, imagine my astonishment at beholding some lines of my own composition actually honored by a place in your pages! It was a dignity to which I had never aspired; and how they came there, is a mystery to me, for though I have occasionally been guilty of stringing a few rhymes, I have never presumed to offer them to *you* for publication. But now, farewell to all former scruples: my timidity has departed: I am become vain; and already, in imagination, I see myself figuring as one of the contributors and correspondents of the KNICKERBOCKER, the very name of which has always possessed a powerful charm to my ears, probably from the fact that the very blood which is now tingling with literary aspirations, owes its source to those same old KNICKERBOCKERS, who, by the graphic pen of IRVING, have been rendered 'famous in story.'

'As a commencement of our correspondence, I propose to give you a glimpse at our encampment in this wild region, convinced that though all the magazines for the last few months have contained letters from half the lakes and mountains in the country round, a brief sketch of our life up here in this out-of-the-way part of the world, will present some new features and some amusing incidents, even in this age, when amateur-hunters are a good deal more handy at drawing the long-bow than they are at handling the rifle.

'The very fact that these letters (unlike some that have lately been presented to the public) are actually written from the place where they are dated, will give them at least the smack of truth; and most heartily do I wish that I could instill into them the racy flavor of the fine old Port, or the life-like sparkle of the 'Mum's Imperial,' which is now cooling for our dinner in the spring, by the side of which I am seated; for no sooner had I discovered, as I tell you, my lines in your pages, than I sprang from my hammock, entirely forgetful of all fatigue, and started for this quiet nook by the spring-side.

'And now, when I tell you that I am a *young* lady, and tolerably *good-looking* withal, you will of course mentally add romantic, and fancy me gracefully reclining on the green moss, utterly regardless of aught but the elegance of my attitude and my surroundings. But you would be most sadly mistaken; for fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, I am *not* what is understood by the term, 'a romantic young lady,' and have too much regard for my precious health, and too great a horror of doctors' bills, to run the risk of seating myself on 'the fresh moist ground,' which, though it reads very prettily in BRYANT'S poem, has rather a tendency to produce coughs and cold, which would seriously interfere with the pleasure of my

hunting expedition. Fancy me, then, seated on a buffalo-skin, with my portfolio on a log, which is no bad substitute for a desk, I assure you, though the little squirrels, who every now and then run over my paper, seem inclined to dispute its possession with me. From my retreat I have on one side a beautiful view of this most beautiful lake and its surrounding mountains, and on the other a scene which is equally interesting to me at least, namely, our hunters preparing our venison-steak and lake-trout for dinner; and the savory steam which every now and then reaches me gives rise to something like a sportsman's pride in my female breast; and I think that you will acknowledge that a slight feeling of pride is allowable on my part when I tell you that *I* shot the fine buck from which those steaks were taken!

'But in justice to the gentlemen of our party, I must confess that it was only the courtesy on their part, which, by allowing me, as the only lady present, the first shot, enables me thus to boast of having killed this fine fellow; for assuredly I should have stood but a poor chance had I been obliged to compete with them — they being, in my estimation, six as good riflemen as ever raised gun to shoulder. And now I trust I have fairly exculpated myself from your imaginary charge of romance, by confessing that the odor of a venison-steak is a decided improvement to the balmy mountain breezes, and that I fear neither the report of a rifle nor a Champagne cork! But please do not go to the other extreme, and fancy me either a 'strong-minded woman' or a member of the Woman's Rights Convention!

'But hark! a sound reaches my ear, which to the uninitiated would seem the hooting of an owl, but to me it announces the glad tidings that dinner is ready; and as I must not forget my good-breeding, even in the woods, I will not keep my friends waiting, but bid you a hurried good-bye, and endeavor to make my next more entertaining and less egotistical. Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

With deference, it will need to be neither. - - - We heard a very laughable '*Obstinate Jury Story*' the other evening, which we intend to record in a subsequent number. In the mean time let '*The Obstinate Jurymen, a Charcoal Sketch*,' stand in its stead for the present:

'THE candles that have burned all night
Now flicker faint and low,
And in my drowsy ear resounds
The rooster's matin crow.
Still SNOB-KIN's logic, smooth and clear
As castor-oil doth flow;
And NUGGETT sternly shakes his head,
And stubbornly says, No!

'I listen with an envious ear
To DOBBIN's cosy snore;
I gaze on GAWKIN's lanky form,
Stretched out upon the floor:
Old WHEEZER shakes the echoing walls
With apoplectic roar,
While I the aid of gentle Sleep
With prayer devout implore.

'Alas! I am a tall, spare man,
Nervous, and sharp, and thin!
I cannot sleep except in bed,
All cosily tucked in:
And so I on the sleepers gaze,
And grin a fiendish grin;
And long to mar their sweet repose
With prick of furtive pin.

'I mark the gentle smile that creeps
 O'er PORPUS' visage flat,
 I see it wreathed in wavy lines
 The folds of placid fat:
 I know he's thinking of the board
 Where he so oft has sat;
 I know he's tasting turtle-soup,
 And oysters, and all that.

'And still a conscientious frown
 On NUGGETT's brow is grim;
 No straggling ray of reason lights
 His comprehension dim.
 He is a very little man,
 His neck is very slim:
 I clutch my chair with both my hands
 To keep from strangling him.

'Now SNOB-KIN's voice in silence dies,
 And all are fast asleep
 Save he, the JUDAS of the twelve,
 And I, who cannot sleep.
 We sit, and in each other's eyes
 We gaze with hatred deep:
 - There's something in the creature's look
 That makes my flesh to creep.

'And none but HEAVEN above can tell
 What shall the issue be:
 It is enough to make one curse
 King ALFRED's memory.
 'T is awful to be starved to death
 By such a wretch as he;
 But sure it is, till crack of doom
 He never *will* agree!'

Now await for our confirmatory jury-story! - - - Our old friend and correspondent, 'Colonel JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville,' sends us the subjoined graphic sketch of '*Sutter's Fort in 1849, and Sutter's Fort in 1854*':

'MY DEAR KNICK: How well I remember the good old SUTTER'S Fort on the night of the first of August, 1849, when, after a jog-trot jumbling in an old wooden wagon, without springs, I alighted at its gates, and was received with a hearty welcome by my friend and fellow-traveller, Dr. D——! With what wild visions of gold my fancy had been laden, when only some six months previous I had read in the columns of the *New-York Herald* the wondrous accounts of Captain SUTTER and his band of Indians, who then and there congregated, and counted out, within the thick adobe walls, piles of the precious metal, that has set crazy half the population of the universe! How my eyes peered into the dim and dusty recesses, and I fancied, as the sun peeped through the broken crevices, that I could catch hold of the stream of golden light, so bright and real it appeared! Then as I proceeded into the court-yard, how strange every thing seemed! — here and there the shoe of an old miner, heaps of broken Champagne, claret, and brown-stout bottles, bullocks' heads, with horns on 'em, fly-blown and decaying; and even then was there the merry laugh of woman; for, from the balcony of one of the windows, three pretty black-eyed damsels were gazing, laughing, and chatting away, happy apparently in their strange abiding-place. But what is this—a hospital? Just come with me, and I will show you the habitation of the living and the dead! Entering a little door, I found myself in a 'Doctor's office;' there were bottles of every hue and color, all kinds of zig-zags on 'em, 'Pulv. Zin.,' 'Ess Cub.,' 'Tinc Z.,' etc.; then a lot

of medical books. While looking at some of these curiosities, I was startled by a low, murmuring sound, as though some one was in pain. I crept to the opening in the wall, and the sight *I shall never forget*. This was the sick-room, and on some thirty cots lay stretched out the sick, the dying, and the *dead*! Oh! the look that one of the men gave me, as I stood by his bed! His disease was typhoid fever: his large, black eye seemed to light up at times with an unearthly lustre, (as will the taper, flickering in the socket, send up a sudden flare, and then grow dim,) while from his sunken and yellow-tinted cheek oozed out the cold death-sweat! He was gasping hard, and seemed as though he wished to speak to me, but could not. The attending physician came in, and wiped from his forehead and face the dampness; his eye, half-closed, seemed fixed upon the glories of the bright sun-beam, that came and played for a while upon the wall, as if to lighten the dying man's gloom, and then and there his eyes fell, to open once again only, in that awful death stare! His chin dropped; he was dead! A rough blanket was thrown over the body, and the stillness of death came over me. The bright sun looked in again, and the sun-beams played and skipped about upon the bed of death; but the sight oppressed or pleased him no more; he had gone on the long journey we all have to travel, *and alone!*

'Months, years had passed by, since the sad scenes, of which this related is only one, had taken place, when, from a love I always have of visiting old spots, I found myself again in the stamping-ground of the far-famed Captain SUTTER! I entered the crumbling court-yard, and the rooms, fast going to decay, but how changed the scene! A broken-down cot lay here and there; the doctor's shelves covered with dust and broken vials: no human being there; but the building fairly alive — with *rats*! in size from a mouse to a badger! But the old Fort is fast going to decay. The sound of revelry was heard here once, and woman's smile made glad the heart. Pilgrims to and from the golden hills and valleys have here rested from their toil: here, too, have babes seen the light, and through the dismal and damp rooms has walked the spectre DEATH! There is suspended the old bell, that has tolled the hour of prayer and the hour of feasting, and there at the gateway lies a dilapidated old rusty cannon, with the mouth wide open, but no teeth, seeming to say to me, as I approached, 'You can go and take a last fond look, for I have done all I can do. My old Captain is not here to attend to me, and I go to decay, even like these old walls, the scene of his chivalry and my former glory!'

Col. PIPES needs no 'apology' for sketches like these. - - - A FRIEND at Washington, who 'comes of a good stock,' and is himself a writer of no ordinary powers, sends us the subjoined pleasant and interesting gossipry: 'A few years ago, my eldest sister and her two children, CLARA, aged about five, and HAMILTON, aged three years, were sojourning at the Tremont House, in Boston, previous to their departure for Calcutta. One day the young ones strayed away and were lost; and relatives, friends, and servants were sent in all directions to look for them. After a protracted search, they were found hand-in-hand, gazing into the shop-windows in Washington-street. On being returned to their half-distracted mother, she promised them a good 'trouncing' if they ever went out again without leave. Several days after, I gave them some change, and as they were 'bound' to spend it, they again stole off, and after another long search were found and returned to their quarters. Their mother immediately began to redeem her promise. She took the boy and 'spanked' him soundly; then, turning to the girl, she said: 'Now

come here, my lady, and I'll attend to *you*.' 'Oh! no! no! cried little 'HAM,' with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and clasping his arms round his mother: 'Oh! no! no! Ma — please don't whip sister CLARA! please don't! — *whip me again!*' Noble little fellow! He thought there *must* be *two* whippings, and he would rather take both than have his sister receive one. They were never whipped again. About two years after, they and their mother were lost on their return from India, in the ship 'Gentoo,' near the Cape of Good-Hope. Little 'HAM' and CLARA were washed over-board and perished, clasped in each other's arms; and thus they were thrown up the next day on the desolate sands of Africa.' - - - THE 'Great Pote' has emerged from the desolateness of his transient rusticity into the light of society and 'frens.' But alas! PEPPER is a wreck! Let his note 'revele.' Its sombre shadows disclose a ponderous 'wo' which his sensitive delicacy alone warns him to withhold, in all its manitude and tragic horror, from a too-easily affected community. PHÆBUS! how much 'genus' *can* suffer, and not 'cave'! But the reader must not be kept longer in suspense:

'demosthenees propr
octoblr 1th '54.

'MR. L. GALERD CLARK ESQ

'MR. EDITER after a long silens ov uperds ov 8 months (in consekens ov bein fir remoov frum everythink bi a laik a fishink fur mi helth) i hev now return hoam to di. theres no resun wy i shoodent as i havent got nothink to liv for now. mi tail shel never be toald to eny boddy much les to hir. i hev onli comunicat the cecrit to 1 fren. no boddy els coodent bi it fur muny. but i mene to kepe a ritink potry al the wile til i cant hoald a pen. then ses i, goast go up. ile welcum deth cuickly, onles a sertin oald tiren sune egspirs, wich ant probble, as mene men nevir di, but the werld shel thinc ime ga, mi pomes shel be rote so cairles. enclosed is a noad to the grek Slaiv wich plese cend to the comity ef not 2 lait as i fere. ef so plese kepe the saim as a me mento ov the moril kerig ov

Yours fur a few das onli,

K. N. PEPPER.

'P. s. i doant cair about the \$100 dollars. giv the muny to sum yung man as is gest marid to the obgeck ov his chois & startin into bisnes. wat do i want ov muny? ide lik it peraps ef that oald tiren — but i sa no moar. exkews mi emoshuns. thaym overpowrink & dan jerus.

K. N. P.'

'A Noad to the Grek Slaiv.

'ONCT moar mi pen asoom onct moar the trasis
ov blanc vers, onct moar spring litely into em.
doant gerk. go cam & cuiet, but git on fire
gradily, mi pen, and giv the subjeck conwulshuns.

'STATOO! (good hevinks! wers mi i's. ime blind!)
STUN PICTER! hale! in consekens ov your glory
i shel be compel to hev a operashun pirform
fur cat a rack imeditly. i thought i cood go this slo
But i se it cant be dun: youm al powrle,
your infloens is sech ime al ov a tremble
& if fele a sort ov sienes creping into mi stomic
slo but shoor like a gimblit into a bord.
was you al sculp frum 1 pese? sa pirfeckshun,
havent you got no goints maid or puty nor nothink?
But no. i fele youm pirfeck: i thinc at lest
that rowrs's story orter be giv ere to
wich ses youm al hac out ov a marble stun.
(imortle rowrs! wot a genus for sculp!)

'distinguish femall! standin their onto 1 leg
 in silens admyred bi hunderds, i supoas
 you ken apreshate the felinks ov her
 as went in swimin & soon aperink onct moar
 diskivered nothink into the plais ov a
 good soot ov cloas as wos a liin their
 But 1 short minit previs supoged to be hern.
 (pardon me greek fur the alooshun.)
 But wat nede has Buty fur meny articals
 ov aparril? how meny ladis you se
 wich sertinly thinc as EVE's fashion was the
 handyest, but tha parshly giv in to custum
 out ov the nateral kindnis ov thayer hart.
 was that the stile wen you wos animated?
 then wot did you cawl maikin a toy lit?
 from your compleckshun i shoold thinc peraps
 you dyned prinsiply onto your natyv are.
 it must hev been ov a solider maik than
 united Staitsen are, wich is mity thin dyit
 wen used egschloosiv, as I orter no.
 o Slaiv — but i leve you to ges wots hapend
 oanli remarkin that 3 wekes ive livd on it,
 But at last poor nacher is com round to vitles.

'wot butifle hans so delekit & wite!
 thats moastly dun bi activly dooin nothink.
 i no a yung lady as hes got sech hans
 oanli not cuite so wery wite & teanty,
 oin to a crule Faither as maiks her were.
 her naim is HANAH g. W. her fete air larger
 But woodent be ef her shoos & stocins wos of.
 her arm ef anythink is bigern yourn,
 & shes rayther beter lookin in the fais.
 firther comparrisuns wood be but ges were
 owin to the present inconwenyent fashins
 But i dout not wood be faverable to HANAH.
 i no her figers shorter, likewais her noas;
 But in them fechers statoos must be pardond
 fur sculpers hev inoomerible rinkels.
 POWRS thincs Buty lays in hite & length
 But 1 looc at HANAH wood chaing his hul idee.
 yet who wood hev al Buty ov a pese?
 STATOO! fur your stile youm pirfeck!
 your looc ov cam disgust is probly rite
 altho sum harts wood gladly se thee smil.
 your are is forin sos your nashun 2
 you air the wery picter ov a grek
 in chanes & no doubt a 1st chop sampel.
 it doant tan you much to traivil i se:
 youm probly well cloathed exept wen shode.
 then your dres is egstreamli lo in the nec
 Bein a wizzhunary bloomer without eny pans
 or a full dress posessiv cais under stood.

'I must now bid you a abrupt adoo
 fare STATOO! felink al the distresink symptoms
 ov a pereodicle atact ov pain in the bowls.
 MARBLE STUN ENTERPRIS! — FAIR THEE WEL!'

This deserves *now* the offered prize! - - - A FRIEND, in speaking of his visit to New-York, mentioned recently to us, that one night he was induced to visit, with some 'fast' city friends, a cellar-restaurant, situated between the St. NICHOLAS Hotel and Canal-street. He proceeds to say: 'After they had imbibed at the refreshment-stand, in vulgar parlance, 'the bar,' his attention was attracted to three men fast asleep in chairs near by. They were all well-dressed men; two of them of middle age, and one quite young, say about twenty-five or six. The scene around was one of confusion, as some-

times is the case in these subterranean resorts; but in other respects the proprieties of the place were well preserved. Men were talking loudly all around, yet the three sleepers moved not, but held on in their oblivious somnolence. Being rather an investigating character in difficult cases, I attempted to waken them; but in vain. The owner of the saloon watched my attempts, and perceiving my failure, interrupted my laudable efforts by remarking that 'only *he* could waken that party.' At the word, he spoke, and the effect was like magic. The three started wide-awake at that (to them) peculiar voice, and, all attentive to his wishes, looked him quickly and nervously in the face. 'Go to sleep again!' he said; and without the slightest regard to the noise of the talkers, the three men relapsed into slumber! I looked keenly at these men, when they wakened. It might have been imagination, but there was an evident alarm in the countenance of each. The call seemed to have stirred like a clarion or a sentence within their souls. The whole thing was instantaneous. The waking was done in an instant, the look given in an instant, the counter-order to sleep again was given in an instant, and in an instant complied with. It was then about one o'clock in the morning. The proprietor then said that those three men came regularly three times a week and, without drinking any thing, composed themselves in those chairs and slept until morning. They frequented other saloons on the other nights of the week, and performed the same slumber in each. No one but the master of the house could waken them. They were well-dressed men, and one was an Italian, the other an Englishman, and the younger of the whole an American. Now who and what were these men? Why could they not sleep except in a noisy and crowded bar-room? Why did they waken with such eager eyes and nervously-opened mouths? Why could they not go apart and take their repose, like the rest of the innocent world, in some quiet room, where there was silence and pleasant memories? Why did these three men, distinct in place of birth, thus flit out of the dark night into the glare of the drinking-room, to sit bolt upright in chairs night after night, and sleep — sleep deeply and quietly? Had murder been their separate deed, or was it the knowledge of some murder done and unavenged that kept them like ghosts around the town? These men can be seen on any night, just as our friend has described them. - - - The following calculation may be found in the introduction to Professor Monson's 'Arithmetical Analysis,' an advanced mental arithmetic, recently published by IVISON AND PHINNEY of this city. Like the big stories about planetary distances, the travelling of light, etc., it is simply so vast as to be vague and unsatisfactory to ordinary minds:

'The adoption of so many derivative and compound words in the numerical nomenclature renders the subject of numeration so simple and so easily remembered that a few hours' application are sufficient to master it. On the other hand, if every number had a *distinct primitive* name, it would be utterly impossible for any human intellect to learn them in the longest life. They would form a vocabulary of more words than there are in all other departments in all the written and spoken languages on the globe. If they extended only to a *trillion*, and were printed in double-column octavos, with one hundred names on a page and five hundred pages in a volume, they would make twenty millions of volumes — a greater number of books, probably, than there are in all the public libraries in the civilized world. And if a person should read a page in

each successive minute, night and day, Sundays and all, it would take him more than *nineteen thousand* years simply to read them over once. Allowing each volume to weigh one and a half pounds, their aggregate weight would be *fifteen thousand tons*, which would load *three thousand* freight-cars with five tons a-piece, or fill *thirty* merchant-ships of a capacity of five hundred tons burden.'

In 'SMITH'S Federal Calculator' an amusing anecdote is given, to the following purport: A first-rate class was undergoing a close examination in mental arithmetic, and in reply to a question concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time, the class responded, 'Twelve men and two-thirds.' But one bright fellow, more discerning than the others, instantly added: 'Twelve men *and a boy fourteen years old*:' fourteen being two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood. A student of decided 'parts,' that! - - - HERE is a very pretty little '*Love-Song*,' which has been sent us by our correspondent, LEWIS F. THOMAS, Esq., of Washington City. Our excellent friend DEMPSTER (why comes he not among us again?) could set this to exquisite music, as he has already done with a previous effusion of the same writer:

'Here's health to the one I love dearest,
And joy to the heart to mine nearest,
In a fair form of grace,
With a sweet seraph face,
And eyes that shine like the light divine,
Beaming with love from her soul's holy shrine!
'While her pure heart's glow,
'Neath her bosom's snow,
Hath feeling that none but the loving can know,
Ever — for ever!

'How oft have we roved by the river,
Where mirrored the moon-beams would quiver,
And the breeze with perfume
From the spring flowers' bloom,
O'er our senses so softly swept stealing,
As fondly each truly revealing
The faith, hope, and love
That Fate ne'er can move,
While stars sweetly shone from the blue above,
Ever — for ever!

'Oh! my soul is sad; for 'tis fearing
We'll meet here no more in endearing;
But her heart's my heart's home,
Though in sorrow I roam
Far away from the scenes of our trysting,
Where the silent stars only were listening;
Yet trustful and true,
Our pilgrimage through,
We will meet to dwell where the angels do,
Ever — for ever!'

Read that over again, 'musically low.' - - - We have read, and read with interest and pleasure, a work recently issued by the BROTHERS HARPER, entitled '*Life's Lesson: a Tale*.' It is by a lady whose name, without impropriety, we might perhaps mention, although not expressly permitted to do so. It will suffice to say that she belongs to a literary family. Her father's uncle edited the '*Worcester Spy*' during the Revolution, and was the author of '*The History of Printing*,' a work of standard value, not only for 'the craft,' but for all who feel an interest in the intellectual history and progress

of the country. Her father was the author of a work formerly noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER, entitled '*Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-Five Years in the West*'—a 'gentleman of the old school,' whose venerable form, noble face, and flowing silvery hair, although but once seen, we shall never forget. One of her brothers is the author of the novel called '*Clinton Bradshaw*,' which attained a wide popularity, '*East and West*,' '*Howard Pinckney*,' etc.; and still another brother has made himself favorably known by articles of merit, both in prose and verse, although we are not aware that he has ever collected his writings into a book. Upon second thought it occurs to us that he *did* publish a volume, entitled, if we remember rightly, '*Inda and Other Poems*.' It is now out of print; but it would, in our judgment, so far as we remember it, well repay publication. As touching the book before us, we can only say that the sister has shown that the talent of a very talented family is quite far from being confined to the male branches thereof. Her story is a simple domestic one, in which you see throughout the keen observation, the tenderness and sensibility of the true woman. At the same time it has no lack of 'power,' in the better sense of that greatly-misused word. The incidents, always of interest, and frequently exciting, and their progress to the *dénouement* of the tale, are forcible yet unforced. Without farther comment, and without extracts, for which we regret our lack of room at so late a period of the month, we commend '*Life's Lesson*' cordially to our readers, as a work well worthy of patronage. - - - A CORRESPONDENT, for whose 'good words' and flattering opinions we are truly grateful, 'throws off a few things' for us, as follows:

'I FEEL, some how or other, Mr. EDITOR, as if either I belonged in part to the KNICKERBOCKER, or the KNICKERBOCKER in part to me. It was the first Magazine I ever saw, and, in fact, the *only* one with whose pages I was really familiar during my earlier sub-Freshman days. In college, its name, like a household word, called up vividly the family fireside, and a fresh number was as good as a home-letter. If the 'crowd' to which I belonged at YALE had one distinctive peculiarity belonging to the body-corporate, and developed in each individual member thereof, it was a decided preference for that same periodical as a text-book, over the works of TACITUS, THUCYDIDES, or any other classical old foggy whatsoever.' . . . 'Here are some stories, if you want them, for your 'Table':

'A small boy of indefinite size, well instructed in all the mysteries of being supposed to be at all within his comprehension, lost recently a pet gold-fish, at which bereavement he mourned as those who have no hope. His mother at length told him that, although glad to see that he loved his pets, she still considered it very silly in him to cry so much for one gold-fish, since no amount of tears would bring it back. 'I don't want him back again,' said he; 'I ain't a-cryin' for that; but I'm afraid his *little instinct is eternally lost!*' Was n't he a juvenile theologian of the straitest sect?'

'A friend of mine returning from the depot a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly-imported 'Maine-Law,' saw a lady a little in advance of him whom he must inevitably join. So, tucking the bottle under his arm, he walked along-side. 'Well,' said the young lady, after disposing of 'health' and 'the weather,' 'what is that bundle you are carrying so mysteriously under your arm?'

'Oh! nothing but a coat which the tailor has just been mending for me?'

'Oh! it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole, for it *leaks* now!'

'This is the same young man whose cash account, after his last summer's travels, was marked by the very frequent recurrence of the item: '*Porter, twenty-five cents.*' His

father expressed some surprise that it should cost so much to transport a *small carpet-bag* from place to place; whereas the original investments were made in small bottles of *Brown stout*.

'Speaking of this: just before the passage of the 'Maine-Law' I came out of a little establishment in N —, of a dark and rainy evening, behind a very drunken fellow, who 'beat up' the side-walk a couple of rods in advance. Presently he 'missed stays' on the 'starboard tack,' and ran into a tree. He pulled off what was originally intended for a hat, 'teetered' a moment on his toes, and apologized to the jostled individual, with a 'hic-cup' between every other word:

'Schuze me, Shir; I 'shure you, Shir, 'tirely 'tentional on my part. Sho dark, Shir I did n't shee you.' 'Schuze me, Shir, 'schuze me, Shir, 'if you please.'

'After which obsequious explanation, and an abortive effort to put on his hat, he essayed to continue on his way; but brought up again on the first lurch against the same tree:

'I really beg your pardon, Shir; I 'm 'fraid you 'll 'spect that I 'm 'tossicated; but I 'shure you, Shir, I never was more shober in all my life. It's dark and splashy; and really, Shir, I 'shposed, Shir, *you 'd gone along!*'"

WE received by the last 'Golden City' steamer, and have read with very great pleasure, in the columns of the '*California Chronicle*,' of which the writer is editor, a poem, entitled '*Progress*,' read before the California Pioneers on their fourth anniversary, celebrated at San-Francisco, in September last, by FRANK SOULE, Esq. We see it stated that the poem was written at very short notice, by request; but it requires no apology, as the following spirited passages will abundantly attest:

'Progress, Liberty's proud teacher;
Progress, Labor's sure reward;
Of a purer faith the preacher,
Sanctioned by the world's accord:
Crowned with attributes eternal,
Bounteous his liberal hand,
Making FLORA's gardens vernal,
Spreading harvests o'er the land.
Never more
Shall ancient lore
The pantheotic reign restore;
For classic gods from empire hurled —
Progression hence shall rule the world.
In his eye the glance of MARS,
In his arm the strength of JOVE,
Every mighty footstep jars
Kingly throne and priestly grove.
Gathering in his earnest train
Emblems of the sea and main,
Rushing stean and snowy sail,
Plough and harrow, scythe and flail;
Anvil, and the glowing forge,
Rocker in the golden gorge;
Implements of factory room —
Spinning-jenny, shuttle, loom;
Quarrier's chisel, crow and wedge,
Blasting drill and wrenching wedge;
From the ocean, from the valley,
Gathering up the trades of men,
Calling Labor's sons to rally
To its fit pursuit again.
Calling on the muscles brawny
Made to labor and to dare —
On the arms embrowned and tawny,
On those delicate and fair.

Calling all who feel the burden
Of the proud oppressor's rod —
Calling all to win the guerdon
Promised Industry, from God:
Freedom for the soul-aspiring,
Free limbs to the toiling train,
Free will to the mind untiring
Free thoughts to the thinking brain.

'Progress! not then comprehended
By the world's awaking mind,
In whose majesty is blended
Now, the spirit of mankind,
Ever in life's stormy battle,
Leading men to greater things;
Scattering freedom's foes like cattle,
When, no longer born a chattel,
Free men all are kings.
Progress! destined to redeem
Nations from their slavish dream,
Nature from her features rude,
Peoples from their wrongs,
Till the world's deep gratitude
Gushes forth in songs,
And proclaims from every side
'Progress hence is deified.'

'On yonder silvery river's bank,
'Mid wilderness and herbage rank,
The smoke points out the chosen spot
Of Chevalier, or Huguenot.
Proud exiles from their native land,
Amid the kingly trees they stand,
Stern as the forest, and their song
Of gratitude as fresh and strong.

'T was there those gallant pioneers,
Nursed Freedom with their toil and tears.
Toss'd like an aspen by the breeze,
The May-Flower trembles o'er the seas!
December's leaf is brown and sere,
December's wind is cold and drear,
And chilly the north-easters blow,
And bleak the shore, and deep the snow.
Oh! shrill and bitter is the gale!
Oh! sadly trembles woman's wail;
And many are the mounds that mark
That winter's story, drear and dark;
And many hero-hearts are low
Beneath those curling shrouds of snow:
Yet, struggling for the rights of man,
Still hopeful was the Puritan.
A pioneer of rigid creed,
Amid the forest cold and dim,
From hypocrites and fashion freed,
He raised to God his worship-hymn.

'Then was felt th' inspiring word,
Then the inner senses heard;
Then was read th' immortal scroll
Written in the earnest soul:
Lessons of a deep impliance,
Bidding tyranny defiance;
Calling on the mind to waken,
Calling on the head to plan,
Calling on mankind to rally
For the liberties of man.

'Calling, till each hill and valley,
From its trance of ages shaken,
Echoed to the stirring words;
Answered to the strong appeal,
Then the flash and clash of steel;
Answered then the hearts that feel;
True arms and trusty swords,

Answered like a gleam of light
Flashing o'er the hem of night,
When upon the shadows' flight
Comes the song of birds.

'Hear you not the answer votive?
See you not Progression's train?
Hear you not the locomotive
Thundering along the plain?
List! 't is coming near and nearer,
Listen to its piercing scream;
Now the whirling wheels sound clearer,
Now I hear the hissing steam
Through the air in transport gliding.
Heed you not those proud huzzas!
Thirty sister States are riding
Hither on those rushing cars.
Hither, from each struggling nation,
Weary exiles gladly roam;
Give them here a habitation,
Liberty, and friends, and home.
O'er the deserts wide and dreary,
Through the terrors of 'the Horn,'
They are coming, brave though weary,
Parents of a world unborn.
See, they gather, man and master,
Rushing to this western world,
Coming, coming, fast, and faster,
Daring danger, pain, disaster,
Seeking honor, health, and gold.
See, they come from every nation,
See, our temple is begun,
See! the men of every station
Meet and labor all as one.
From the cities, farms, and ranches,
From the forum's wordy strife,
Teeming from life's varied branches,
See! the welcome path is rife.'

That's good poetry for an 'old' State! - - - SINCE the 'good old days' of *English Opera*, at the old Park Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. WOOD, and our old friend BROUGH in the principal characters, nothing to compare with the talented *troupe* now performing at the *Broadway Theatre* has ever been seen in this metropolis. In '*Sonnambula*,' the singing of Miss LOUISA PYNE was worth travelling on foot ten miles to hear. The plaintive *sweetness* of her voice it is almost impossible to describe. She sings as if she had a 'nest of nightingales in her throat;' while her acting, although subdued, is admirably effective. Mr. HARRISON is an excellent English tenor, with a rich, clear voice, who *acts* his part with great force and good taste. A very clever actor and singer also is Mr. BORRANI, whose baritone shares the honors which all their 'most sweet voices' nightly receive. The opera-going public owe a world of thanks to Mr. LE GRAND SMITH and Mr. MARSHALL for having tempted us with such a 'feast of sweet sounds,' accompanied by all the best appliances of dramatic representation. Previous to the opera engagement, Mr. FORREST, whose popularity never for an instant has flagged, filled the house to overflowing nightly with his enthusiastic admirers. On the last night of his engagement, he took leave of a brilliant and crowded audience with the best exposition in defence of the drama that, in so brief a compass, we have ever encountered. It reflected the highest credit upon his art and

upon himself. '*The Broadway*' has been greatly enlarged and improved, and well deserves the liberal patronage which has been awarded to it. New attractions, we learn, are in active preparation. - - - 'SKINPENNY,' writes a correspondent, (who has before amusingly discoursed of that village in this department,) 'is 'saved' or 'lost' annually on the first Tuesday of September. On that day patriotism 'bu'sts out' to an alarming degree among all classes, and the merits and demerits of candidates for the lucrative and important office of 'gustis of the Peas' are discussed with vehemence in the street, bar-room, store, and grocery. Men hurry to and fro, urging along alike the willing, the dilatory, and the undecided freeman. 'Say, 'Squire, can you tell us the way to the *polls*?' interrogated a verdant 'specimen,' as he sided up to me on last 'election-day.' I was standing on the steps of the 'Town-House,' and by my side stood JIM TEASEL, a fun-loving blade, who, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, 'thus answered': 'Certainly, my dear Sir — this way.' Now, in the rear of the 'Town-House' stood a 'liberty-pole,' smooth and straight as an arrow, and about fifty feet high. 'This, my friend,' said JIM, 'is the *pole*, by climbing which you will qualify yourself to vote for justices, (handing him one of 'our votes,') members of the Legislature, and State officers. It is usual,' he continued, 'to *grease* the pole before the person to be qualified makes the ascent, but we omit that part of the ceremony this year, on account of the *scarcity of provisions*.' 'Wall,' said our rustic friend, 'lection comes but once a-year, and darn my eyes if I ain't glad it *do n't*; I never 'tended' lection before, and I'm bound to be 'qualified!' saying which he stripped off his coat and boots, and made a rush for 'the pole.' It was a warm day, and he puffed like a porpoise before he was 'qualified;' but the thing was done, and JIM, after making a few 'commendatory remarks,' took him by the arm and conducted him to the ballot-box, where 'our votes' were safely deposited, the loud clamors of the 'opposite faction,' who claimed the 'qualified' individual as one of their number, notwithstanding: but he *was n't* though!' - - - WE had been out in the autumn-woods, back of 'Giraffe-House, Upper-Arrarat,' our present abode on the Hudson, and had brought home a bouquet of autumnal leaves and flowers that June herself could not surpass in richness of coloring and *variety* of hues; and when we returned, we found our daily parcel of letters, papers, communications, etc., by the evening boat from town, upon our table; and among the latter the following '*Lines at a Grave*.' They seemed to us to be 'in keeping' with the season and the occasion:

'Low in earth thy form is lying,
With the damp sod on thy breast;
Requiem the winds are sighing
O'er thy deep and dreamless rest.

'Gone art thou to other country,
And I drop the heart-wrung tear
To thy memory, who trusted,
Loved and trusted wildly here.

'Ah! ye cruel ones who chid her,
Trouble not her spirit more!
Here below her life was clouded,
And her soul a sorrow wore:

'Wore a sorrow which no morrow
Ever came and lifted up,
And there was but little sweetness
In the bitter of her cup.

'At thy grave, O loved and lost one!
Bend I now my stubborn knee;
I would in the lonely night-time
Hold *communionship* with thee.

'Come to me in robes seraphic;
Come to me with love-lit eyes;
Come to me with gentle whispers,
Soft as were thine earthly sighs!

'With a lyre made of fire
Conscience ever chaunts 'divorce';
And a raven-beak has graven
In my haunted heart 'Remorse!'

'Come and lift the awful shadow
From the sunshine of my soul!
Let me hear that I'm forgiven!
With CHRIST's soldiers me enroll!

'Let me know again the gladness
Which for years I have not known;
From the sepulchre of Laughter
Roll away the closing stone!'

C. M. D.

You may depend upon it, reader, there *is* remorse here, with remembered joys, and sorrows, and suffering. - - - A NEW correspondent, who rather over-writes the opening of his first communication, has nevertheless some thoughts that are worthy of a 'transfer to type.'

'WHAT splitting work KOSSUTH makes with the 'Old Hunkers' of Europe! I recollect what HUME said nearly a century ago, when the debts of Great Britain and the nations of Europe were hardly a tithe of what they now are; namely, 'that princes and states quarreling amidst their debts, funds, and public mortgages, reminded him of nothing but a match of cudgel-playing fought in a china-shop.'

'The match of cudgel-playing now going on in Europe has as yet been rather warily and timidly pursued; but when the parties get a little more heated, it will no doubt become brisk and lively, and the broken crockery will fly accordingly. Just look at some of the 'Old Hunkers' who occupy prominent places behind the counters of crockery-shops in England and Europe! Queen VICTORIA's capacity seems to be limited to considerable activity and energy in the multiplication of the human race. In this respect she is hardly surpassed by the meanest of her subjects. But her voice in the management of the business of the shop is very slight: she does but little more than open and shut, and sweep out occasionally. The Queen of Spain is a — 'well, she is no better than she ought to be,' and is only about an average specimen of the class to which she belongs. She, however, has a good deal to say about the business of her shop. LOUIS NAPOLEON is a cosmopolitan 'Old Hunker' of varied and extraordinary experience. The Emperor NICHOLAS, as portrayed in his diplomatic correspondence with England, appears to be no less shrewd and scrupulous a personage than the Emperor of France. The Emperor of Austria is a young man of mediocre abilities — nothing more. His voice is very potent in the business of his shop.

'Now in the match of cudgel-playing at the present time being fought in the china-shops of Europe, great vigilance, dexterity, and shrewdness on the part of the tenders will be required to preserve their wares whole. An opinion very generally prevails that they are not equal to the task of keeping them so. Great breeding powers, strong amorous propensities, duplicity, double-dealing, and humbugging generally—qualities like these, it is thought, will avail but little to withstand the racket, when the cudgel-playing becomes hot, eager, and generally participated in. KOSSUTH has swung his cudgel with startling effect among the brittle 'Old Hunkers' of England. Such sentiments as the following, for instance, seem to heave from their very foundations the china-shops of the old world:

'But I say unto you, let matters just go on yet a while as they are going, and it must, it will come to that, (British bayonets opposed to the resurrection of Poland and Hungary.) There may be some still in your government who did not yet mean to go so far; however, they have already pledged Great Britain to oppose any attempt of national freedom, and it will not be in their power to stop half-way. Expediency! thou false wisdom of the blind and of the weak! thou spectre reeking with the blood of murdered nations! thou who never weighest the consequences, but dost always sacrifice to a moment's fear the justice of eternity, and to a moment's rest the peace and security of centuries!—thou who hast always been found ready to purchase a tyrant's smile by the groaning of millions! Expediency! thy pathway is like the pathway of sin: one step upon its glossy slope, and there is no stopping any more; it is MILTON'S bridge, which leads

"Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell."

Yes, in the way I see Great Britain engaged in this war, Great Britain will needs come so far as to fight against freedom on the continent."

As we rode leisurely down in the Fourth-Avenue cars the other morning, passing the magnificent building that the well-directed munificence of Mr. PETER COOPER is erecting for the good of his less-favored fellow-citizens, we could not help thinking how truly he might apply to himself these lines by a modern poet:

'I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

'I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.'

Yes: and this 'good' he does while he is *alive*, with three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of money that he might have hoarded, or otherwise employed, instead of keeping it until he could no longer hold it, and then giving it away mainly *because* he could n't take it with him. This is what we call true benevolence, because it *is* such. - - - As we go along up and down the Hudson, and look at the incongruous houses that are springing up in the little villages along its banks, we cannot help wishing

that there were *Schools of Architecture* among us, in which every man who pretends to be a builder should be compelled to take effective lessons, that he may have an 'effectual calling.' Half our modern houses are the work of some mere carpenter, who may know his adze from his elbow, perhaps, but is totally ignorant of all correct rules of architecture. It is to these 'botchers' that we are indebted for so many dwellings in the '*Ironie style*,' a very satire upon proportion, beauty, and good-taste. There are hundreds of them to be seen. - - - An Athens (Ohio) correspondent considers the following conundrum 'too good to be shut up in a country-town:' 'Why are *old tears* like a rope-walk?' and the answer is: 'Cause they are *long shed*.' Our correspondent adds: 'If you have a better '*worse*' one than that, I will send you half a dozen new subscribers.' To which we respond: 'Make six of your friends happy for a year, then: send on the 'advance'-guard. We know of a wag, an unpremeditated, natural punster, who will make as bad a pun as the above with one hand tied behind him. So, transmit the subscribers! - - - This morning, when we awoke, the first beams of the rising sun rested bright upon the many-colored foliage that crowns the western slope behind our mountain-dwelling; the yellow maple, the crimson and scarlet dogwood and sumach, and climbing ivy, presenting hues that no painter's palette could rival. How bland was the still air! — and from the open door of the sanctum came the voices of the little folk, with their morning prattle around the fire, (in conversation with the nurse and the kitten,) the beech and maple *wood* fire, that was roaring and crackling, and flashing out flickerings of light from the wide and high-backed chimney-place. Thought went back a score of years — for it was an anniversary such as is seldom forgotten:

'Gude mon, I wat 'tis thretty year,
Sin' we did ane anither ken,
An' we hae had, atween us twa,
O' lads and bonny lasses ten:'
Now they are women grown, and men,
I wish and pray, 'Weel may they be!'

'Amen to that, sweet dame!' but we're 'no that' old *yet*, nor are the 'bairns' so many or so far grown; but belike they *will* be by and by, in the good providence of a good God. But the sun is high in 'the lift' now, and wife and weans are at the kirk — for it is the Sabbath day — the 'bridal of the earth and sky' — a day that weds the weeks. - - - 'HAVE you ever heard,' writes, 'as we take it,' a lady-correspondent, 'of any one getting a wife from up a pine-tree? Well, an incident happened near here the past season which I cannot refrain from telling you. A young lady from up among the Blue Mountains had been living with a relative in H —, some two or three years, when, desirous of visiting her parents, she undertook to walk home. Starting in the early morning, she found at sun-down that she had lost her way on the mountain. Becoming frightened at some little animal that crossed her path, she dropped her hand-box, and made her way up a tall pine-tree. Here she was when the twilight came down; and hallooing as loud as she could, a young man, hearing her voice, hastened to the tree. Assisting her

down, he accompanied her on her way home. Somewhat 'smitten,' he requested permission to 'call again.' He was permitted to do so, fell in love, and in less than six weeks the twain were married! The young lady, when she visited H —, set us all to wondering, when she told us that her 'husband had got her from up a pine-tree!' - - - 'NED RAMROD,' a welcome correspondent, sends us the following from Burlington. Our readers will remember the beautiful lines to which the writer alludes, which, like those that ensue, are in the measure and to the air of 'Roy's wife:'

'In recently turning over a quantity of correspondence, etc., accumulated by a gentleman now deceased, who was resident and prominent in Washington twenty years ago, I came upon the inclosed lines, written upon the occasion of the death of WARREN R. DAVIS, of South-Carolina, in 1836. They are new to me, and I do not know by whom they were written. You will recollect that Mr. DAVIS was the author of the song, '*Johnson's Wife, of Louisiana*,' which went the rounds at that day, and has, I believe, appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. The song and its subject probably suggested these verses. As a tribute to the memory of a gifted man, and part of a story that will touch a chord in the memory of many, are they not worthy of resuscitation?

'He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
And vanished is the brightest beam
That lighted up the gay savannah.
The poet, wit, and patriot sleeps;
But in his country's brilliant story
Will shine the name for which she weeps,
For ever mingled with her glory.

'He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
And vanished is the brightest beam
That lighted up the gay savannah.
On him the poet's mantle fell,
Like sun-beams round his bosom stealing;
His glowing heart aye felt the spell,
And overflowed with generous feeling.

'He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
And vanished is the brightest beam
That lighted up the gay savannah.
For her who in his life's young prime
First stirred his heart's profound emotion,
Through all the chance and change of time,
Bore to the last his high devotion.

'He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
He's gone to join his sainted ANNA!
And vanished is the brightest beam
That lighted up the gay savannah.
The harp is broken! Hushed the breath
That won the fair and chained the wise;
And TIME shall hurl a dart at DEATH
Before another like him dies.

"Washington, Jan. 22, 1836."

'Speaking of letters: a specimen reached me lately that is worthy of a place in the next edition of 'The Complete Letter-Writer.' A legal friend of mine commenced his professional career in the small neighboring village of W —. Among the inhabitants was a tough old subject, a manufacturer of lath. The first sight of

our friend's new 'shingle' brought him to a halt; and having deliberately spelled out the contents and reflected thereon for a moment, he turned on his heel, *lined* for home, and indited the following to a delinquent customer:

'SIR: There's a young *lawyer* moved into our place. *Pay for them laäf!*'

It is unnecessary to add that the 'laäf' were paid for without the young '*lawyer's*' assistance.

'Appropos of lawyers: there is an anecdote of the late DANIEL CHIPMAN, one of the ablest and keenest that Vermont ever produced, which I believe has never appeared. He once had a conversation with an eminent judge in another State on the subject of religion. They differed materially in their views on certain points, and in the course of the discussion Mr. CHIPMAN asked his friend what authors on the subject he had read. 'Why,' replied the Judge, 'I have read the BIBLE, and most of the writings of Dr. C——.' 'Ah!' said CHIPMAN, 'you've treated the question fairly, Judge, very fairly; *you've read both sides!*'

A retort 'with a sting in it!' - - - WHAT a sorrowful month has been that which has passed since last we communed with our readers! How has DEATH been busy! Our good BISHOP has passed to his final rest, beloved and lamented by all who knew him: poor NICHOLS, of the '*Sunday Mercury*,' our respected contemporary and friend for fifteen years, has passed away; and oh! how *many* have been swallowed up in the waters of the ocean!

'FRIENDS, brothers, and sisters there lie side by side,
Yet none have saluted and none have replied!'

It seems but yesterday since we bade EDWARD SANDFORD and GEORGE G. SMITH 'God-speed!' on their voyage, never to look upon them again. Alas! 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' There is a great difference in hearing of the death of a friend in the tumultuous city, surrounded by busy streets, and houses, and the 'noise of the people,' and in the country, looking off upon a wide-spread, extended river, into the vast inland, or upon the sun-touched mountains. The moving world around you in the city may distract, for a moment, your thoughts; but alone in the country, you can but ask, 'Are all these beautiful objects shut *for ever* from the sight of our departed friends?' And the answer comes saddening to the heart: 'They have vanished like the morning dew; and the places that knew them once shall know them no more for ever!' - - - WE have no very great admiration, even for one of our own 'stern sex,' who does not affect flowers; who does not delight to see them about his house, or in his walks, covered with dew, in the early morning; and as for one of the '*gentler sex*' not loving flowers, as MACBETH says, 'There's no such thing!' There is a refinement of taste in a love of flowers by a lovely girl — 'herself a fairer flower' — that to *our* side of creation is a great charm. Let but a young gentleman know that you adore flowers; that you so much esteem them as to try to imitate them yourself, with your own fair fingers, either of fine vari-colored papers, (of which very showy and bright, if not exactly natural flowers are often made,) or what is far better, of the easily-moulded, delicate-colored *wax*, the flowers made from which, if deftly done, *seem the very flowers themselves!*

There was an English lady, whose name we have now forgotten, who, encouraged by the admiration of the QUEEN and the royal family and nobility of Great Britain, at the great Exhibition of the Crystal Palace in London, was induced to visit America, and exhibit her beautiful productions at *our* Crystal Palace. And very beautiful they certainly were, and attracted wide and deserved admiration. But beautiful as they were—and we say it with no desire to extol unduly the talent on '*our* side of the water'—we have no hesitation to say, what an examination will justify, that they do not approach the exquisite beauty of the wax-flowers, in all varieties, made by Mrs. ANN ELIZA PIPER, an American lady, of an old New-York family, at the corner of Hoyt and Dean streets, Brooklyn. Her artificial flowers, in bouquets, are of the exact *form* and of the *natural color* of the real flower. So thin, and delicate, and fibrous are they, and so *perfectly* true to nature, that you cannot but regard them as botanical specimens. And this exquisite art Mrs. PIPER teaches, with easy instruction, to pupils who will '*love* their lessons.'

'SHE leads, and near her they
Follow delighted, for she makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And deathless roses blow,
Deathless and gathered but again to grow.'

Yes; any lover of flowers, for a small sum, can, with her own hands, make Nature bloom in winter in the apartments of a bachelor, or make summer in her own parlors, when 'Winter rules the year.' - - - At a late term of the G—e-County Court, held at C—, (N. Y.,) (where the cholera has been prevalent during the past summer,) the judge holding the court received from the jury-room, then occupied, the following communication:

'ONREBEL Judge B—Y, Sir: Oure lot is caste in A Dismel plase, seronded By danger ande colery we wante our Super. A JUORMAN.'

A positive fact; for we have before us the original document! The jury was discharged at once, of course! - - - It is our belief that if DICKENS were to witness the performance of 'Captain EDWARD CUTTLE,' by BURTON, as played by him at his greatly-enlarged and beautified theatre, he would pronounce his portrait the very picture which he had in his own mind. Undoubtedly there is not an actor living at this moment who could excel Mr. BURTON in this character. The evening we saw '*Dombey and Son*' performed, he was most ably supported by the admirable personations of Mrs. BURTON, Mr. FISHER, Mrs. HUGHES, and Mr. JOHNSTON. There seems no falling off in the attraction of this excellent play. It has been performed hundreds upon hundreds of times, yet still crowded houses continue to 'applaud it to the very echo that doth applaud again.' - - - Our Shanghais, the gift of a friend, which we had nurtured into mature hen and roosterhood, are gone! Some miscreant stole them in the middle-watch of a recent dark night. You scoundrel-thief! do you know what you have done? You have not alone stolen eight fat fowl; you have stolen the morning, noon-day, and evening joy of three little children, who were made happy every day in

going out with their supply of corn and crumbled bread, and in seeing the eager brood gather around them at their call of 'Chick! chick! chick!' One suppressed tear of these little ones would have been worth more than your wretched carcase, you dishonest hen-appropriator, you! Just 'try it again,' that's all! - - - 'CAN you, or any of your readers,' writes a Virginia friend, 'tell me the author of the following lines? They are certainly beautiful and musical. They arrested my attention in an old manuscript which chance threw under my eye:

'THE breath of spring to meet
In the morning air is sweet,
And human love is sweeter than roses in May;
Yet the breath of spring will fleet,
Like the roses round our feet,
And love, like the seasons, soon passeth away.

'The summer's sun is bright,
And the swallow's wing is light,
And human love as warm as a clear summer-day;
Yet the sun will set at night,
And the swallow wing his flight.
And love, like the seasons, soon passeth away.'

We have no recollection of seeing them till now. - - - '*Life Illustrated*' is the title of a very handsome weekly journal, recently started by Messrs. FOWLERS AND WELLS, Broadway. It bids fair to be ably conducted, with an eye to a good moral purpose, with abundant variety. Among its original articles we find a plain and succinctly-written account of the *Albany Penitentiary*, so admirably managed, for so many years, by Mr. AMOS PILLSBURY, one of the best prison-presidents in America—a man of humane feelings, and a gentleman, whom it was our pleasure to know well in days gone by. We take the ensuing passages from the article in question:

'At sunrise, the officers are all assembled in the hall surrounding the block of cells. At a signal, every door is unbarred, unlocked, and thrown open, and the prisoners step out into the gallery. At another signal, all begin to descend the stairs in regular order, and take their places on the broad stone floor of the hall in perfect silence. At the word of command, the leader of the file folds his arms, and each other man places his right hand upon the right shoulder of his fellow preceding him. The rank then closes up, the officer gives the word, 'Right, Up, Forward!' and two hundred men march out with one tread, and take their places in the workshops, where they remain at work until breakfast-time. . . . The amount of labor which each man can perform, without tasking his powers to such an extent as to produce absolute fatigue, is ascertained as soon after his entry into the prison as possible; and ever after that, during the remainder of his sentence, if his health permits, the same amount is exacted of him, under penalty of the shower-bath. He speaks to no one but an officer, after he has passed the portals of the front-door; and from the time he enters the shop in the morning till he leaves it at meals, or at night, he never raises his eyes from his work, but labors on as fast as his hands can move, in the most perfect silence. When going to and from the cells, every man has his eye on the officer, and looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, and when in his cell preserves the most perfect silence, making no noise in his necessary movements within his narrow limits. During every moment of the night, as during every moment of the day, he is under the eyes of vigilant officers, who note with scrupulous exactness each movement and each glance, and thus check every attempt at insubordination almost on the instant that it passes in thought through the convict's mind. . . . On the Sabbath, divine service is held in the chapel, which every prisoner, whose health will permit, attends. All unite in the psalms and hymns, and give their close attention to the earnest preachings of a gospel of mercy, of love, and of truth. It not unfrequently happens the harmonious flow of some simple hymn, sung in softened tones as the Sabbath sun sinks slowly and peacefully to rest, awakens the memories of a guileless youth; visions of a fond and anxious mother flit before the prisoners' eyes; the warm tears of repentance flow down the hardened cheeks of crime; Conscience

regains her long-lost throne; and a life of holier purposes and nobler aims has begun long before the final 'Amen' has dismissed them to their lonely, silent cells.'

We would suggest to the editors that the *manner* of their '*Timely Topics*' is not quite new. It is too much like that of the '*Topics Astir*,' of the '*Home Journal*,' for both to be original. A *form* may be plagiarised as well as *matériel*, and both are *infra dig*. The following notice of Mr. WILLIS's '*Famous Persons and Places*' does no more than justice to that various and entertaining work :

'In the particular department of literature to which this book belongs, Mr. WILLIS has few if any superiors. His word-pictures, whether of persons or places, are admirable. The commonest scenes and the humblest men or women interest us in his portrayal of them. He has such a facile, lively, piquant way of saying things, that every subject he touches becomes attractive. But here we have the attractions of matter as well as of manner. The *personal* sketches in particular possess a permanent and ever-increasing value aside from their artistic merits. The men and the women Mr. WILLIS has delineated are among those of whom we desire to learn all that can be told us. We like to know how they looked, what they did, and what they said. Here we have their portraits, with the accessory scenes and incidents which are needed to complete the picture, correctly and graphically drawn by a master's hand.'

We think the subjoined extract from '*Verses on Leaving my Parents when a Boy*,' will 'satisfy the sentiment' of the entire 'piece,' as well as of the reader :


'I LEFT the corn-field, and there I stuck my hoe,
And from my parents I did go,
And to the house and for my clothes;
And as my poor mother being sick,
I was obliged to go with my pants and vest,
Because I dare not go in and get the rest.

'As the woods being near, away I did steer,
But to hide suspicion up a brook I did follow.
I took my pole, hook, and line, and went a-fishing.

'Far spent was the day,
The night coming on,
But as for money — I had none;
And where to get a lodging I did not know,
But in yonder barn upon the hay.

'As I retired between ten and eleven,
The thoughts gathered around my heart
Of my mother, whose voice was lifted up
On account of her absent son.'

We have only one question to ask: 'Was the mother of the writer aware of his absence from the paternal roof?' In other words, did she 'know that he was out' at the time of his penning this brilliant effusion? We are interested to obtain this important information. - - - We dropped in the other evening, for the first time, to take a passing glance at the *New Metropolitan Theatre*. Certainly it is a very spacious and beautiful theatre: we have never seen a finer. It has a very rich and imposing appearance: the dome, especially, is marvelously beautiful. We were glad to hear that this large and well-appointed place of amusement is receiving its full share of public favor. The play, on the occasion of our visit, was the old and hackneyed one of '*The Lady of Lyons*;' and Mr. EDDY and Miss JULIA DEAN, both

self-possessed and very gifted performers, were doing their best to make the old and stereotyped points tell upon a very brilliant and well-satisfied audience. But, with deference to the better judgment of Messrs. EYTINGE and WILLARD — to whose enterprise we wish the best success — we think it time this play was 'shelved,' at least for a season. - - - It is nearly two years since we could honestly 'go' our age in 'two-forty.' Whether we shall ever live to grow old or not, we cannot tell; but *this* we think we *do* know, that we shall never cease to be a boy in feeling. We say it with a sense of the ridiculous which the remark will no doubt excite, but we *feel it to be so*. Four gray hairs appeared yesterday in our *west* whisker; and more than forty were counted in our east one, over a week ago. But what then?  If we are alive and well, we shall fly that kite from 'Rockland Tower' if all Rockland county laugh at us. - - - Our friend General MORRIS might well exclaim, 'This is indeed fame!' on reading a recent tribute in the English journals to the universality of feeling awakened by his '*Woodman, Spare that Tree*.' In a letter from the army in the East, it is mentioned by a correspondent of the London '*Times*,' that after a sea-engagement, the brother sailors of the killed 'bore them on shore, and buried them under a spreading tree, on which, in that moment of grief, they carved the brief words from an American song, '*Woodman, Spare that Tree*.' *Apropos* of this: one of General MORRIS's best songs has been but recently written. We clipped it from a late journal for insertion in the '*Gossipry*,' but it has been hopelessly mislaid or wholly lost. But it will appear hereafter; for it is not a song likely to remain long in the dark. - - - A FRIEND sends us the following 'recipe': '*To obtain a Title to a Building-Lot in ———*:' 'Erect a tent wherever you please, sit in the door-way with a revolver, and if any body disputes your title, get out of the tent and *shoot some body*!' The name of the place is not given. It may be Nebraska or Kansas, for aught *we* know to the contrary. - - - CARDINAL WISEMAN recently delivered a lecture in London on the '*Home Education of the Poor*,' in the course of which he spoke as follows of the poet LONGFELLOW:

'THERE is no greater lack,' said the Cardinal, 'in English literature than that of a poet of the people — of one who shall be to the laboring-classes of England what GOETHE is to the peasant of Germany. He was a true philosopher who said, 'Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.' There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth — but still he belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And, whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of LONGFELLOW.'

A high and well-deserved compliment. - - - THE '*Opening of the New-York Academy of Music*,' a splendid and costly structure, by the great GRIST and MARIO troupe, has been among the great events of the month. Our visit was at so late a period as to preclude an adequate notice of the superb house and unequalled performances in the present number; but we shall advert to both in a subsequent issue. - - - The '*Warning Coffin-Hand-*

bill, found posted on a heavy slide of clay and quick-sand, on a certain railroad, and sent us by a friendly correspondent, would require an engraved facsimile, to do it any sort of justice. It is a 'curiosity of literature,' to be sure, but a very gem of chirography and coffin and musket-drawing! It should appear in an illustrated hand-bill. - - - We see it announced in the daily journals, that THOMAS B. THORPE, Esq., the popular author of '*The Hive of the Bee-Hunter*,' and other widely-read productions, is about to deliver a lecture upon '*The Growth and Culture of Cotton*,' in different portions of the North. Depend upon it, this will be no merely dry essay. It will combine with useful and original information graphic description, and not a little amusement; for THORPE has 'ears to hear and eyes to see,' and he always keeps them busy; and what is more, he will tell you what he *has* seen and heard, with his *own* eyes and ears, and not through other people's; not a very common thing in these days. - - - COMMUNICATIONS increase so fast upon us, that we *must* say to new contributors that we cannot return contributions. Copies, if *they* wish to retain one, should in all cases be kept, unless the writer resides in the city. - - - We shall intermit hereafter our '*Little People's Side-Table*;' yet we shall intersperse among our 'Gossipry' such occasional anecdotes, especially striking and amusing, as we may select from a very large collection of '*Children's Sayings and Doings*,' which reach us from every quarter of the United States. - - - Books for the gay season, in red, and blue, and gold, begin to appear upon our table. These, with other works recently published, will receive attention in our next.

Publisher's Notices.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION. — It is the object of our friend Mr. DERBY, and those associated with him, to establish a permanent Gallery of Art, and they will every year add to its attractions. They will distribute in January next, in addition to the GREEK SLAVE, two hundred or more works of art, including statues, busts, and paintings. A beautiful illustrated catalogue is now in preparation, which will give the public some idea of the expense which has been incurred. The works will all be such as every lover of art will be glad to have in his possession.

We would say to our readers that all who send THREE DOLLARS to Mr. HUESTON, 348 Broadway, before the distribution takes place, will receive a receipt for a year's subscription to our Magazine and a certificate of membership of this Association. They can order of him in the same way any other periodical they wish. See advertisement on last page of cover.

JOHN BIGGS. — We have not answered the many inquiries respecting this story, in hopes every month it would be resumed. Mr. IRVING has been so much occupied the past season as to be *entirely* unable to write — a position he did not anticipate when the story was commenced. We cannot at present say when it will be resumed, but hope it may be in our January number.

KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY. — The addition of several portraits will delay this volume till the fifteenth of the present month, at which time the publisher hopes to have it ready. The subscriptions have been coming as fast as could be expected, but we can say to those of our readers who have been backward about coming forward, that there is still room for them all. The book is sold *by subscription only*.